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The Sketch

No. 2337—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1937. ONE SHILLING

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

INTIMATE ROYAL CIRCLE.

This beautiful photograph shows THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT *with their children.* H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD GEORGE NICHOLAS PAUL PATRICK OF KENT *was born on October 9, 1935; and* H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA HELEN ELIZABETH OLGA CHRISTABEL OF KENT *was born on Christmas Day, 1936. Further photographs will be found on our Double-Page.*

c

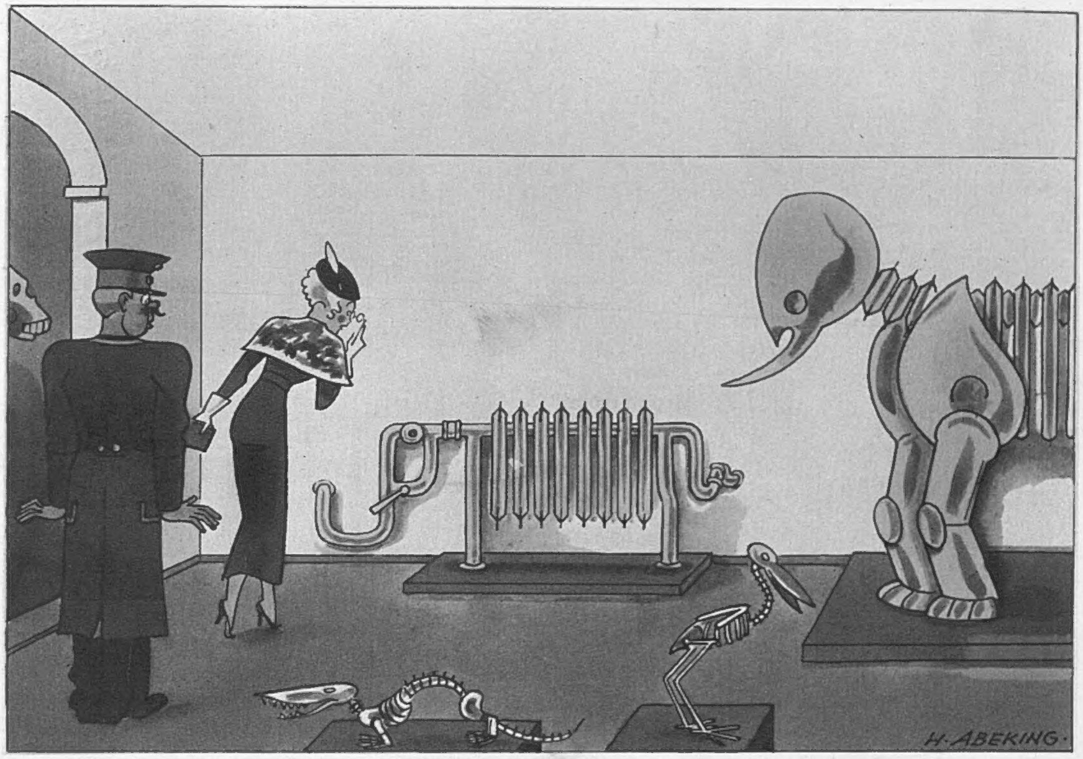
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

MOODS.

I WRITE of moods; but not of the moods of human beings. That subject is far beyond me. It is like these popular expositions of relativity or the Meaning of the Universe—the more you study it, the less meaning the universe seems to have. When some remarkable man arises who is a supreme combination of psychologist, physiologist, chemist and philosopher, he will be able to conjugate the human animal in all its moods and tenses. Till then, I, for one, give it up. I have been trying all my life to understand and control the moods of the person whose idiosyncrasies I have had most opportunity of studying—and, I repeat, I give it, and him, up.

No, I write of the moods of Things, and I mean Things in the literal sense; for it is a great mistake to suppose that human beings are the only creatures favoured or afflicted by moods. Inanimate objects are simply stiff with moods. Many of the common objects which surround us are as "uncertain, coy and hard to please" as—— But one must not say that sort of thing in these days of sex equality! At least, they say that these are days of sex equality: I, on the contrary, am frequently tempted to think that the whole world is at sexes and sevens.



THE RADIATORSAURUS!

Short-sighted visitor to a Natural History Museum (examining the hot-water pipes with interest): "How very quaint! And what is the name of this animal?"

DRAWN BY H. ABEKING.

Take, as an example of an incorrigibly moody object, my pipe. It is quite a good pipe, by one of the best makers: I may say, without bad taste (since it was given to me as a birthday present), that it is a distinctly expensive pipe. In short, a pipe which has had every advantage, and one which has received nothing but kindness and encouragement at my hands. But the way it behaves I can only describe, in the expressive phrase of our nannies, as "a caution." On Monday, its manners are perfect; nothing could exceed the suavity with which it gives to the utmost of its comfort and fragrance. On Tuesday it is "a devil, and an ostrich, and an orphan child in one." Cleaned, scraped, and probed; filled with exactly the same tobacco and packed to exactly the same consistency; coaxed and cajoled with the utmost patience, it absolutely refuses to respond to treatment. It chokes and gurgles; it burns all down one side, and takes the skin off your little finger when you try to influence it; it develops a feverish temperature; and it tastes like smouldering string. I have known this sort of change of mood happen, within an hour, in a perfectly well-brought-up pipe. I go so far as to say that I have never had a pipe which, when I lit it, I knew how it was going to behave. (I know that 's rotten grammar; in fact, not grammar at all, but you know what I mean, so don't be pedantic.) What is the result of this capricious, erratic, and exasperating behaviour of pipes? Cigarettes are the result. I am convinced that half the fortunes of cigarette-manufacturers are built on the wayward moods of pipes. I have known even a cigarette behave very eccentrically at times, but on the whole you can depend upon it more than upon a pipe. Anyhow, cigarettes don't get all stuffed up in their bronchial tubes. You don't have to perform tracheotomy upon them. And they don't, when in a nasty temper, suddenly envenom your tongue with a jet of nicotine, as vicious pipes often do. And now that women no longer have hairpins, pipes have become more and more fractious and defiant. They used to be afraid of hairpins. Shakespeare speaks of the "wry-necked pipe," and I think he also calls it "scrannel." I don't know what "scrannel" means, but it sounds about right for some pipes that I know. Lend me a skewer, will you?

I notice that my motor-car is also very subject to moods. Very variable, very fem—— No, we agreed that we mustn't indulge in any cheap jests at the expense of the weaker sex. (Weaker! My Aunt, Boadicea, and Jean Batten—weaker!) There are days when this car of mine sings with joy. Its song may be, in reality, a slight attack of asthma in the carburetter, but it seems to sing with joy. It leaps forward like an Arab steed. It champs at the bit and paws the ground every time I draw rein at a traffic light. It is all I can do to restrain it from charging traffic constables. It laughs at hills and eats up the miles as if it could not get enough of them. Its whole motion is a perfect rhythm, and its whole attitude seems to be: "Who *is* this chap Malcolm Campbell?" There are other days when it behaves as if every drop of petrol it drank disagreed with it. It goes, it even goes fast, but it does so with ill-concealed reluctance. It moves, it does what it is told, but it sulks. It deliberately gets behind every slow-moving vehicle it can find on a winding road. It encourages hens to run out and try to peck it, and dogs and cats to jump out of hedges and gambol under its wheels. It stalls in the thickest of traffic. The only time it shows the least inclination to challenge Sir Malcolm is when you happen to be absent-minded in a built-up area. Prejudiced pedestrian magistrates make long speeches and say it is all the driver's fault, but every driver knows that it is absolutely wilful and deliberate perverseness on the part of the car.

Lots of machines behave like this—typewriters and vacuum-cleaners, and, of course, telephones, and all sorts of things. I expect if you asked an engine-driver, he would tell you that he often has a terrible time with the moods of his engine. Ships, of course, are like wild things: they are never alike twice, and that is why a ship is never a "he," but a—— But, no, I really mustn't! Fountain-pens, again, are always throwing temperaments: without any warning or provocation, they will drop blots north, south, east, and west, and cover your fingers with damned spots (the expression is Lady Macbeth's, not mine); and a fountain-pen nib is notoriously a dangerous thing to cross. In fairness, it must be said that the moods of Things are not always naughty. Thus, I have known an automatic machine, in a burst of generous emotion, shoot out a stream of coppers at me. But this, alas! is rare.

Yes, the moods of Things are undoubtedly very, very queer. It 's absurd to say that things can't have moods, for where else *are* the moods? What! In *oneself*, you say? Preposterous! Offensive! I decline to believe it!

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

After visiting the Motor Show, the Bristlewoods go all sporting.

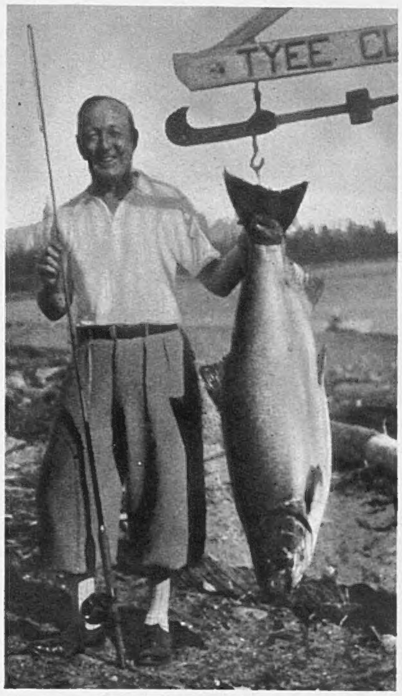
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

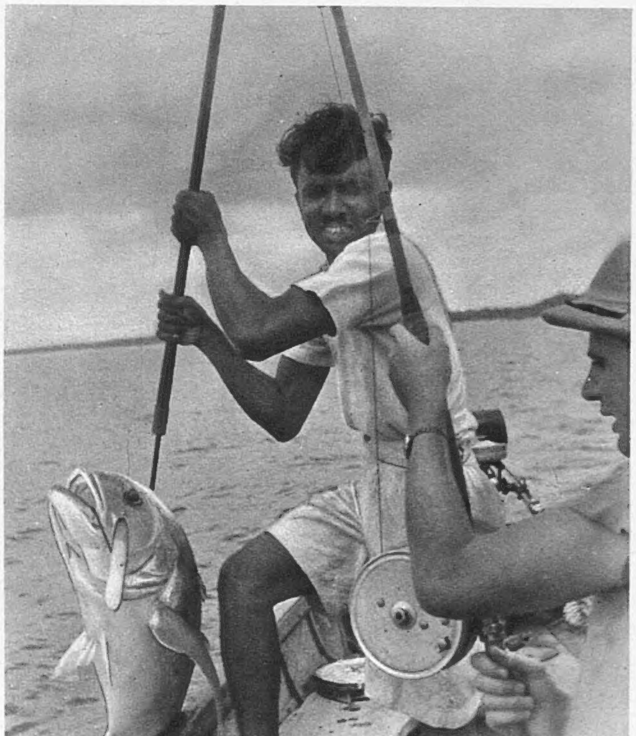
FOR thirty years past the average annual rod-catch on the River Wye has been 2800 fish. This year's figures are 2200 salmon, and disgruntled anglers are blaming the netting policy of the Wye Board. At a recent meeting of the Conservators, Sir Laurence Phillips, Bt., moved a resolution to the effect that netting should be stopped during 1938, except at three netting stations. The resolution was seconded by Captain G. Graham Clark, and although an Executive Committee had decided to wait and see if the fishing improved as it had done after poor years in the past, the resolution was passed by a large majority. In opposing the resolution, Mr. J. Arthur Hutton pointed out that the poor season was not confined to the Wye, for practically every river in Britain had been affected. He stated that, in his opinion, the Wye was under-netted rather than over-netted. I think that a comparison of rod and net catches would show that no other river in the British Isles has such a high percentage of rod-killed fish. Sir Laurence Phillips stated that the nets were taking 3000 fish every year and the river could no longer stand it. Considering that no radical change has been made during recent years in the Board's netting policy, and that last year 2000 salmon were killed by rod in five weeks, from March 30 to May 3, it is difficult to believe that Sir Laurence is right in blaming the nets. Their catch this season was 1334 salmon and grilse—one of the worst four seasons on record—so it does not seem that the nets have robbed the rods. Taking the nets off may result in an abundance of fish, but it does not necessarily follow that there will be an abundance of sport. If a drought occurs when the pools are crowded with fish, disease may take a greater toll than the nets.

Tunny Tales. When I met Mr. Harold J. Hardy, Joint Hon. Secretary of the British Tunny Club, on his return from Scarborough, I asked him if any amusing happenings had been related at the Club's headquarters this season. At first I feared I had drawn a blank, but after pondering awhile Mr. Hardy remembered a couple of incidents which happened to Mr. Marsden Sutcliffe, who caught a tunny of 649 lb., just beating his wife (no libel intended!), who had one of 644 lb., which she landed in much less time. While Mr. Sutcliffe was playing his fish, which gave him a long fight, his boat was pulled close to a Dutch herring drifter and the tunny went under it. As Mr. Sutcliffe was leaning over, playing the fish, the skipper of the drifter looked over the side, scratched his head, and bawled out "Hey, mister, you lost something?"

The second incident arose from the fact that Mr. Sutcliffe had run out of bait and approached a Dutch boat in order to obtain a supply of herrings. Sugar is a luxury in Holland, so Mr. Hardy tells me, and in the ordinary course of events a Dutch fisherman does not taste much of it. Consequently, a present of some sugar to a Dutchman will produce all the herrings required by a tunny angler. Knowing this, Mr. Sutcliffe handed up a stone bag of sugar, but the Dutchmen called out that they had no fresh herring. Mr. Sutcliffe was standing up in his boat, wondering what next, when he heard a noise above, looked up, and as he did so a shower of herrings and salt fell all over him. One of the deck-hands had been told to fetch some salted herrings, and he tipped a whole box of 200-250 herrings into the boat, not knowing that Mr. Sutcliffe was right underneath.



MR. WALLACE H. McMILLAN *is a Winnipeg sportsman and fishing enthusiast. Here he is with the* 54-LB. TYEE SALMON HE LANDED WITH LIGHT TACKLE, *winning the gold button of the Tyee Fishing Club. Later, he won the silver and bronze buttons with lighter catches.*



This unusual fishing photograph shows a FINE 40-LB. HORSE MACKEREL *just after being gaffed. The Wilson spoon hanging from its mouth should be noted. These fish belong to the Caranx family and are sometimes called Jack Crevalle. They fight to the very last gasp. Around Ceylon they offer splendid sport on light tackle and are usually taken trolling. The correspondent who sent us this photograph has had horse mackerel up to 73 lb. Once a large fish he was playing was attacked by a shark, which bit it in half: the piece the shark was good enough to leave weighed exactly 68 lb., so it is reasonable to suppose that this particular horse mackerel must have weighed some 100 lb.! There are several species of Caranx, all of which are splendid sporting game fish.*

Fair Exchange is No Robbery.

Ripley should take up angling if he is in need of material for his "Believe It or Not" feature. Here is an incident which he would have to go a long way to better, and it occurred on a recent Sunday off Newhaven. Mr. C. C. Waring was fishing for tope and had baited with a small mackerel which his son had just caught on a light rod. As the bait was small, Mr. Waring used only one large tope hook, threading it through the tail of the mackerel. Before very long he had a good run, some 30 or 40 yards of line being taken out. So far, so good; but when he struck, Mr. Waring felt nothing. Winding in the line, he found, to his amazement, that the mackerel had gone, but in its place was a whiting, and a very dead one at that, practically colourless. Rather like the story I told some time ago of the angler who played a large trout and landed the backbone of an eel. But to return to Mr. Waring's story, which is not finished yet. On examining the whiting, he found that the big tope hook had been forced through the gill *from the rear* and out through its mouth, the point of the hook being embedded in the whiting's snout. I think even Mr. Ripley would find difficulty in explaining how the tope performed this conjuring trick. Mr. Waring points out that it is by no means easy to push a large tope hook through the gill of a small whiting. My idea of what happened is that when the tope took the mackerel head-first, the hook pulled through to one side of the tail parallel with the trace, the bend facing in the reverse direction. It was then lying against the side of the whiting, which had been taken previously tail first, and as Mr. Waring struck, the hook was pulled back, bend first, entered the gill of the whiting, and was forced through. The trace would, of course, tear through the skin of the mackerel's tail.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

A tunny has been hooked off Cadgwith, Helston, but it broke away. The bait used was a garfish; and tunny are reported in hundreds. This is the first time they have been reported in any numbers this side of the Lizard.

By catching 9¼ oz. of fish in a two hours' fishing match in Leicestershire, Mr. W. H. Riley won first prize—a turkey for Christmas.

Large bags of whiting are being caught from the piers and beach at Great Yarmouth.

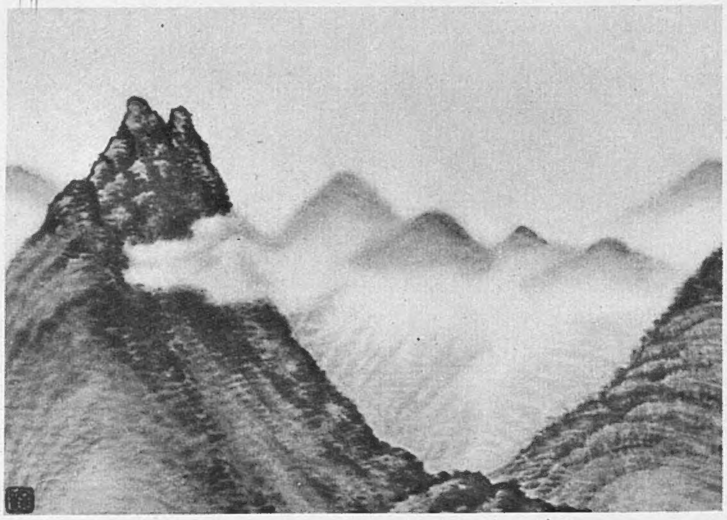
R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

KAY STAMMERS VIEWS HER OWN "RUSHES."

MISS KAY STAMMERS, *the decorative British lawn tennis girl and Wightman Cup player, recently had a film test in the United States, and is here seen viewing the " rushes " of the sequence. It has been announced that she has decided against the idea of becoming a screen actress.*

THE CHINESE EYE SEES THE LAKE DISTRICT.

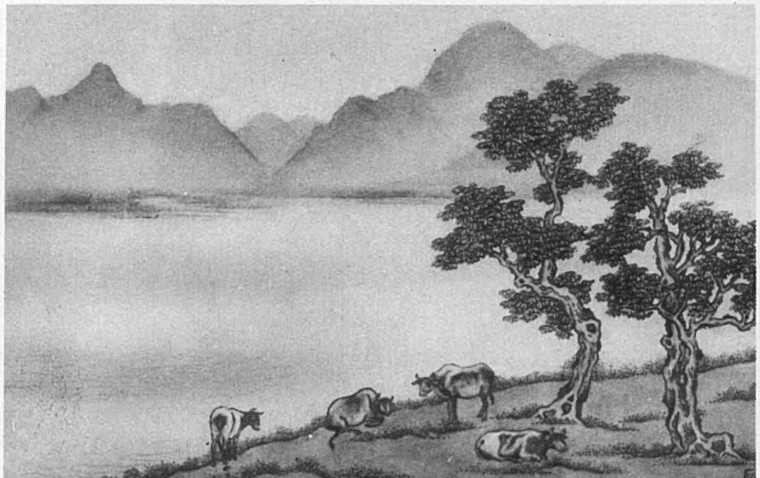


" MIST ON ROCKY HILLS OPPOSITE THE SCREES, WASTWATER " *is one of Mr. Chiang Yee's Lake District landscapes reproduced in his book " The Silent Traveller." It is a drawing of two peaks along Middle Fell in the mist and drizzling rain.*

" GOING TO CHURCH IN THE RAIN, WASTDALE HEAD." *The artist's farmhouse bedroom had neither chair nor table, so he squatted on the floor and converted the bed into a table to paint the people walking through the rain to attend service in the tiny Wastdale church.*

" FINE AFTERNOON, WASTWATER " *depicts the tail-part of the Screes after rain. The artist says of Wastwater " . . . It was like a beautiful woman bathing without much clothing on her body; and sometimes she dived into the great white mass of cloudy Nature. . . ."*

" VIEW OPPOSITE THE SCALEHILL HOTEL." *Mr. Chiang Yee describes the effect the Lake scenery had on him. He says in his book that " Derwentwater was like a fully-dressed lady with all sorts of jewels and ornaments, who sometimes sat behind a gauze curtain. . . ."*



" COWS IN DERWENTWATER." *" The loveliness of Nature And Derwentwater that I love, Folded in and cloaked with green, Sitting for a while to enjoy tranquillity, My questing mind goes forth and wanders far Beyond the lake and past the distant hills " is a poem by Mr. Chiang Yee.*

" PINE IN CRUMMOCKWATER." *The artist says: " I stood by a very beautifully shaped pine and looked at the lake [Crummockwater] again. The whole of it was not visible from this point, but it gave one some general impression and anticipation."*

MR. CHIANG YEE is a Chinese artist and poet. His drawings and paintings of the Lake District are on view at the Calmann Gallery, 42, St. James's Place; and a number of his landscapes are reproduced in his book "The Silent Traveller," published by "Country Life." He is also the author of "The Chinese Eye."

REPRESENTING TA CHUNG HUA MIN-KUO AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

H.E. QUO TAI-CHI *is the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in London of Ta Chung-Hua Min-Kuo (The Great Chinese Republic), which is at the moment so tragically in the news. He is here seen at the Embassy, 49, Portland Place, with* MADAME QUO *and their elder son,* MERLIN, *aged twelve. Mr. Quo Tai-Chi has been his country's representative at the Court of St. James's since 1932. He was educated partly in the U.S.A. and for a time worked on newspapers. He has a perfect command of English and is a fluent and delightful speaker. Before coming to London, he was Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, and he negotiated the armistice at Shanghai which preceded the departure of the Japanese invaders in 1932.*

THE ODEON'S GALA OPENING PERFORMANCE — "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND, *married daughter of the Earl of Darnley, wore a silver lamé dress.*

Right: SIR IAIN COLQUHOUN *sat with* LADY URSULA MANNERS *and her mother, the* DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

Below: LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN *(l.) is seen with* MRS. RAYMOND MASSEY *and* MR. RAYMOND MASSEY, *who plays the part of Black Michael in the film "The Prisoner of Zenda."*

MISS PAMELA BLIGH *and* MISS JOSEPHINE HOLT *were members of the band of "Rose Girls" who presented red roses to the women guests at the gala opening night of the new Odeon Theatre on the Alhambra site.*

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT, *programme-seller, and* MISS MARIE SYMONS-JEUNE, *"Rose Girl," are seen with* PRINCE VSEVOLODE OF RUSSIA, *son of the late Prince John and of Princess Helen of Russia.*

VISCOUNTESS HAILSHAM, *wife of the Lord High Chancellor. At the end of the performance, the Duke of Atholl said that over £4000 had been raised.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER PRESENT. FILM RAISES OVER £4000.

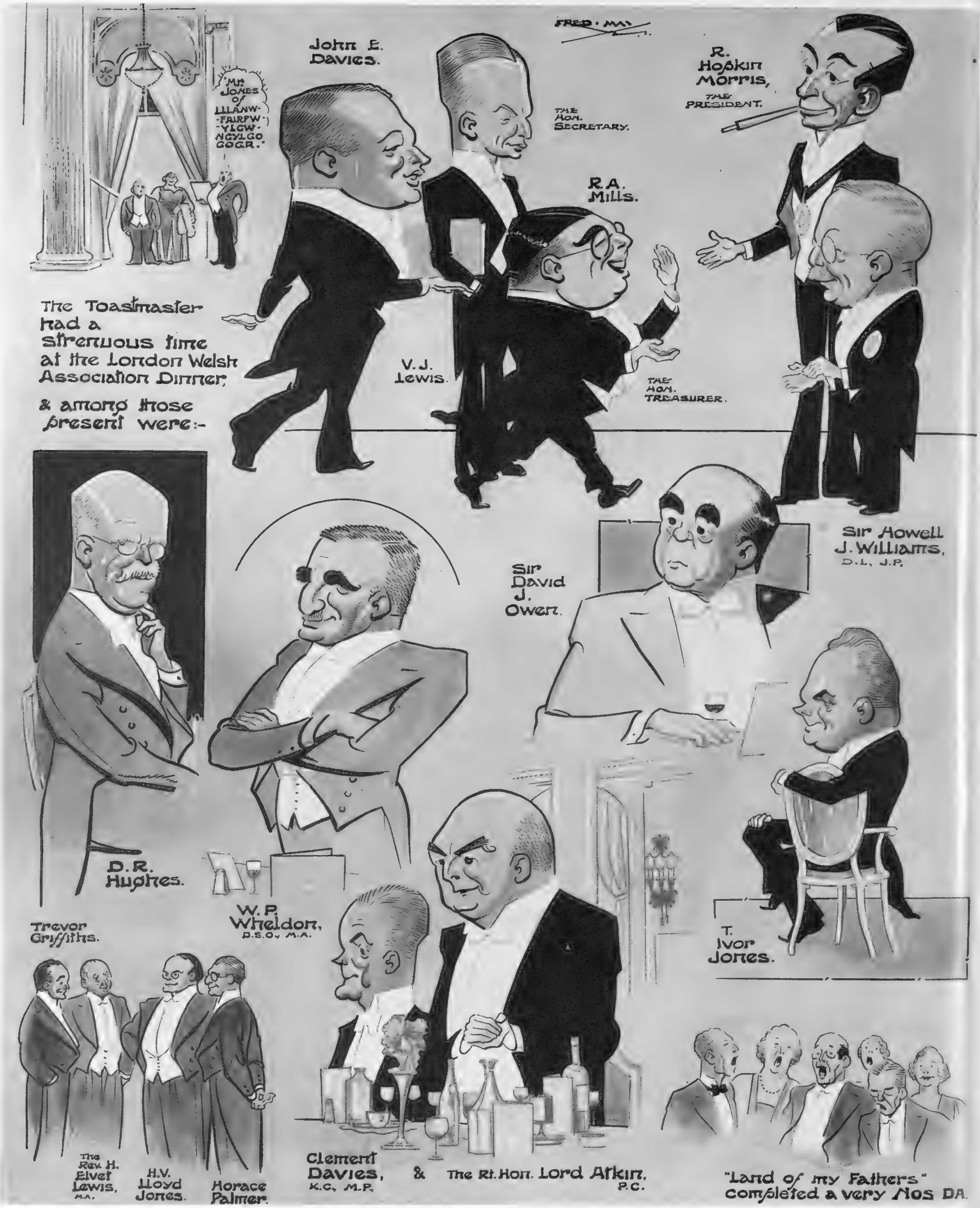
LADY BRUCE *(centre) organised the band of "Rose Girls." She is with* LADY BARBARA GORE *(l.) and* MISS MAMAINE PAGET.

The MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY *arrived at the première with his youngest daughter,* LADY MAIRI STEWART.

Left: MISS VALERIE HOBSON *wore one of the new evening veils and a floral head-dress.*

[M]ISS CECILIA PAGET *wore a white and silver net dress [e]xactly like that of her twin sister, Mamaine, for her duties as Rose Girl.*

T.R.H. *the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *attended the gala première of "The Prisoner of Zenda," in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign and the Scottish National Trust. They were received by Viscount and Viscountess Hailsham and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Deutsch.* VISCOUNT HAILSHAM *is seen on the left.*



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE LONDON WELSH ASSOCIATION MOVES.

The Annual Dinner of the LONDON WELSH ASSOCIATION *this year celebrated also its move to a new H.Q. in Mecklenburgh Square—a special event inaugurating a new epoch in its life. Sir Howell J. Williams, the President, who gave the new premises, was present, with a large number of Past Presidents and Vice Presidents. The Association was formed in 1920 to bring together Welsh people in London; and it is hoped that the new H.Q. will form a national centre.*

AT THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY HUNTER TRIALS.

MISS SPENS *wore a smart leopard-skin coat.*

MISS PAULINE PARSONS *in sporting equestrian kit.*

MR. DENNIS BENNETT, MISS ROYALTON KISCH, MISS R. M. BENNETT, *and* MR. GORDON PLESSEY *were among those who attended the Cambridge University Hunter Trials at Bar Farm, Longstanton.*

MR. GILES GORE-BROWN, MR. B. VAN CUTSEM, MISS ANNE DE TRAFFORD *(daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford), and the* MARQUESS OF GRANBY *(eldest son of the Duke of Rutland) are the quartet (l. to r.) in this group.*

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY, *younger daughter of the late Viscount Ipswich, and granddaughter of the eighth Duke of Grafton, looked extremely smart in her breeches and well-cut coat.*

TALES WITH A STING.

THE COLONEL HAS A GOOD WIN.

By H. S. BROWNING.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"IT may interest you to know that this is the twelfth rubber running I have lost," said the Colonel.

Well, of course, nobody is the least interested in a remark like that, but the Colonel was popular at the club, so one of the players good-naturedly said: "There 's no denying you do hold terribly bad cards."

"It 's not only that," said the Colonel, glad to have a sympathiser; "but when I do get a chance, my partners deliberately make it their business to monkey-up the situation."

"Not deliberately, Colonel."

"Well, it seems like that, anyhow," said the Colonel. "I know, if I held thirteen spades and bid a grand slam, my partner would deliberately take me out into no-trumps and go about seven down."

"You 're certainly not lucky," said the player, Jim Sankey, who was reckoned the big-card holder of the club.

"Lucky!" echoed the Colonel. "I wish you could have a bit of my luck. But it never happens to you. You always win."

"Not always, Colonel. I have my bad runs, too."

"Do you?" said the Colonel. "Well, I never see you lose. I don't believe I have ever won a rubber against you."

"Come now, Colonel, that 's a bit steep!"

"If I have, I 've no recollection of it."

"Tell you what, then, if you think I never lose I 'll take you on as partner against these other two."

"Oh, no," said one of the others. "None of these set partnerships, thank you. But if you like we 'll pivot, so you 're bound to get Jim Sankey as partner in your turn."

"All right," said the Colonel, rather reluctantly, because he really had had such astonishingly bad luck that he thought he 'd quit playing for a while.

For the first two rubbers the Colonel cut away from Jim Sankey and, of course, lost—at least, he said "of course." He didn't lose much, however, because the Colonel was a good player, and for a change didn't hold too bad cards. As a fact, he ought to have won these two rubbers, but, as usual (according to the Colonel), his partners took it upon themselves to do something "funny," which just turned winning a good rubber into losing a small one.

The next game, of course, the Colonel played with Jim Sankey, the big-card holder.

"You 're all right this time," said one of his late partners. "Bound to win this time!"

"Yes," said the Colonel, now a little peeved. "And I ought to have won last time, too."

"That 's true," said his late partner. "I was an ass to double that diamond bid, instead of going for game and rubber."

"Don't apologise," said the Colonel. "Don't apologise. I 'm used to it. They all do it. It 's a certainty."

"I can do no more than apologise, can I?"

"No, of course you can't," said the Colonel, thinking perhaps he 'd gone too far. "I dare say I was as much to blame as you." For the Colonel, like most good players, was always ready to confess when he went wrong.

Then the final rubber of the pivot started, and as would happen, the big-card holder went to pieces. Not that he held bad cards, but he was so intent on winning this rubber with the Colonel, that he too did "funny things." Once he had game cold in his hand, but, trying to make it a big rubber, he went for a slam and got knocked for two down.

"Don't think I 'm blaming you," said the Colonel placidly. "But it 's as well to remember when you bid a slam with me, you need at least eleven certain tricks in your own hand. Never reckon on me for more than one trick, and you wouldn't go far wrong if you didn't reckon on me for that."

"But this time you held two certain tricks."

"I know. For me, I had a wonderful hand—two certain tricks, and one of them was ruffed—which was certain, too."

After that disaster, the big-card holder kept pressing to save game. He made three sacrifice bids and finally lost a rubber of 1900 points, which put him on the wrong side and didn't do the poor Colonel much good.

"So, you see, I do sometimes lose," said his partner.

"Yes—but of course you 've got to lose now and again, to keep your opponents sweet. I wish, though, you wouldn't select the time when I am your partner to lose your one rubber of the evening."

This remark didn't go any too well, and there was an unpleasant silence.

"Oh, thank goodness here 's someone to make you up," said the Colonel, as another member joined the table. "Please take my place. I 've had enough. It 's not so much losing my money I object to—but I find I 'm losing my temper at the same time—and I very much dislike losing my temper." He got up from the table. "I 'm sorry I—I groused such a lot. I 'll look on for a bit, if you don't mind." And he pulled a chair up to the card-table.

The others started to play, and after a time the Colonel thought to himself it was a bit silly to sit there doing nothing, and that he might as well have a shot at another table and see if his luck didn't change. He made his way over to where three players were waiting. "Like to make up?" he said.

"Sure," said one of the three. "That 's what we 're here for. We 're not sitting around to get shaved, or take the waters, anyway."

This was hardly the reply the Colonel expected. It put him well on his dignity, and he said: "I don't think I 've had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"No," said the other, "you haven't, and it 's friendly of you to call it a pleasure. I 'm a new member—a foreign member, but not distinguished—American, in fact—perhaps you guessed."

The Colonel was more fogged than ever by this. He was on the Committee, and had heard nothing about the election of any temporary member, foreign or otherwise. But then he had not attended the last committee meeting, so he supposed it was all right.

"My name is Bostock—Colonel Bostock," he said.

"And mine is de Haveland, but don't trouble about the 'de,'" said the American. "At home, I 'm a sort of colonel, too, but we don't count colonels much in my part."

"I hope you 'll enjoy your visit to us," said the Colonel, for no particular reason, for he was not in a frame of mind to care whether the other enjoyed his visit or not.

"I 'll do that," said the American. "Shall we cut?"

Now, although the Colonel was none too favourably impressed with this new member, he was not sorry to cut him as a partner, as he knew the other two were pretty poor players anyhow.

"I must warn you, partner," he said, "I 'm a shocking bad-card holder."

"That 's fine," said his partner.

"And I 'm dead out of luck."

"Better still," said his partner.

"I 've just lost a rubber of 1900 at that table over there."

"1900! That 's nothing. Sounds to me like winning."

"You think so? Personally, I think it a fairly big rubber."

"I 'm sure; but I don't reckon you know what a big rubber is. Wait till you see this one."

"Oh, but I 'm not at all anxious to lose a bigger one."

"Lose!" said the American. "Who 's talking about losing? Your gain on this rubber will be recorded in all your local papers with requests to foreign papers to copy."

The Colonel could hardly keep back a laugh at this. "Well, we 'll see," he said.

"You will," said his partner, "and you 'll not need any magnifying glass to read the figure either."

"Still, don't forget I 'm dead out of luck, and I really am the world's worst card-holder."

"Which I say is fine, Colonel. It 's a strange thing, but I never lose with a player who is dead off his luck and out of cards. When I happen to be going bad myself, I just look round the room for the big Jonah. I try to get him as a partner; and if I do, for sure I win such a rubber as necessitates a machine to add it up. I 'm a sort of fairy godmother—or father—to the Jonah division. Have you any particular fancies for the bidding, Colonel?"

"What you will," said the Colonel.

[*Continued on page* XVI.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

LADY MARY WALKER WITH NEW YORK ON HER DRESS.

LADY MARY WALKER *is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, and is the wife of Mr. Edward Alan Walker, of the Diplomatic Service. Our photograph shows her in a very original dress which has been greatly admired when she has worn it in London. Views of New York are worked round the hem of it in metal thread, with gold studs in the windows of the sky-scrapers to suggest lights within. Brooklyn Bridge, the Statue of Liberty, and sky-scraping landmarks are easily distinguishable. Lady Mary was married in 1933 and has two children, Ione Mary Stuart Walker and Helia Immaculata Stuart Walker. She and her husband have a house in Westminster.*

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY TUNBRIDGE.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The London International Theatre Club produced "Susannah and the Elders," a new play by James Bridie, at the Duke of York's on Sunday night, October 31. MR. JAMES BRIDIE, *who is in private life Dr. Mavor, is seen with* MRS. MAVOR, *talking to* MISS ROMA JUNE *and* MISS SEPHA TREBLE.

WE can't have Londonderry House receptions and openings of Parliament every week, but for those who like splendour, glittering jewels, and best dresses the gala film premières make life one giddy round of grandeur. They grow smarter and smarter every year, and we may, I think, say that the opening of the new Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square was about "the top" so far as such affairs go. Of course, the house is very magnificent. You have heard all about the leopard-skin seats, and been told that you need the heather step (almost) to get along quickly over the pile carpets. Merle Oberon was in dark red velvet and leopard skin to match the seats; and £4000 was raised for the Scottish National Trust and the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester occupied seats in the centre of the circle, this being the Duchess's last appearance before her operation. Her Royal Highness looked enchanting in a blue velvet dress tucked all the way down and an imposing tiara of diamonds, and I believe that the number of "ordinary" Duchesses present almost went into double figures!

The new evening veils have achieved general popularity, and most becoming they are. Useful, too, on an occasion like the gala first night, when the crowd of guests arriving was so great that, unless gifted with the patience of Job, one simply had to jump out and walk the last quarter of a mile, risking the night wind blowing one's curls about. The Duke of Marlborough arrived with Lady Stavordale; Lady Louis Mountbatten was all white foxes—masses and masses of them, right down to her feet; Lady Weigall in her wheel-chair, and accompanied by young Lady Curzon and Sir Archibald Weigall, had a job to get through the crowd lined up to see the celebrities; and family parties included Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne, with their cousins, the More-O'Ferrall boys.

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Members of the London Contemporary Music Centre were fortunate in being invited to the Spanish Embassy for the concert of Catalan and Spanish music, and in being so delightfully entertained there by the Ambassador and Mme. Azcarate. They had flown back on a "bumpy" day to receive the guests, and they provided a delightful supper after the concert, served in the fine dining-room which adjoins the salon in which the music was given. Mme. Conchita Badia d'Agousti, the vocalist of the evening, has a lovely soprano voice. She has broadcast five times, but had never before sung at a concert in London. Her programme included Catalan songs by Alio, Samper, Valls, Blancafort, and Gerhard, and she gave three encores, including the famous Fire song by de Falla. Vilalta, who accompanied her, also gave a group of piano solos; and I was interested to hear that the man who turned over the music for him was Gerhard, composer of two songs sung by Mme. d'Agousti. The Ambassador's daughter presented the singer with a sheaf of lilies, roses and carnations, and everyone was enthusiastic over her performance. Personally, I liked the Toldra and the Granados songs best. Lady Dashwood was there. I also saw Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair and their elder daughter. The audience was drawn from the serious musical population of London, but those who combine *chic* and culture were also represented.

VISCOUNTESS CURZON, *formerly Miss Priscilla Weigall, is the chairman of the Committee for the film première of "Dr. Syn" in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at the New Gallery to-day, November 10, which H.M. Queen Mary has promised to attend. Lady Curzon is here addressing a special meeting in connection with the event.*

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Those who are interested in artists as well as in art must be happy at the London Group private views. Artists abound at these functions, and what's even better is that most of them look the part *and* dress to it! This is not recorded in any spirit of detraction, as I'm all for a little colour being added to modern life.

The veteran Miss Ethel Walker, who, like all fine artists, is a hard worker, is represented this year by several canvases. Mr. Ginner, a member of this Group since it was founded, is showing several works, and a portrait of him by Mr. George H. B. Holland adorns the walls. Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's "Garden in a Wood" is a particularly happy landscape, and illustrates this artist's talent for painting trees. Mr. Ethelbert White has struck into an entirely new line with his picture called "A Stag Cornered; or An Artist at Bay." Mrs. White, who took up painting but a short time ago, has two pictures on view in the Staircase Gallery. She, by the way, was at the private view, and so was her husband.

Later on a great many of us went to the Seabrookes' tea-party. This is becoming quite an annual institution after the London Group private view, and the gathering was as enjoyable as usual, for the Seabrookes are admirable hosts.

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As I reached the pleasant new Storran Gallery in Albany Courtyard on Tuesday, Lady Carisbrooke was looking round the Nijinsky exhibition arranged by the Group Theatre in aid of the famous dancer. A vivid charcoal sketch of him by Sargent hung at the bottom of the stairs, and in the upper gallery the strange, rhythmical, brightly-coloured drawings by the dancer himself were to be seen; and Lady Juliet Duff was holding a reception. Those who are psychology-conscious can draw inferences from the fact that most of the drawings have a Russian Easter-egg *motif*. Lady Aberconway was the first to buy a pencil drawing, and a good many others were sold. Lady Carisbrooke, who had come early, left before her daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten, arrived. The latter, who wore a high blue hat, and coat to match, arrived with Miss Eileen Maclean, very dashing in a blue sequin hat and veil, and

H.M. QUEEN MARY, *accompanied by* H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, *paid a visit to the Exhibition and Sale of Goods made by war-disabled men at the Imperial Institute, Kensington, which was due to be opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent on Friday, November 5. The royal visitors are looking at toys at the St. Dunstan's stall.*

Miss Rosaleen Forbes. Lady Poulett (the former Miss Oriel Ross), who is going to have a show of her own paintings later on, was in a "London tan" sailor hat; Lady Cunard wore black and silver fox, and Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Mr. John Masefield were there, so, you see, the intelligentsia assembled in some force.

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Other "cultural group" activities included the presentation of Lord Longford's "Yahoo," at the Westminster, by the Longford Productions. Naturally, Lord and Lady Longford were there, but they were not too engrossed in their own activities to find time to visit the Calmann Galleries on Tuesday and see how Mr. Chiang Yee's Chinese eye has recorded the Lake District scenery, the west coast of Scotland, London in fog-time, and a Yorkshire country place. Mr. George Eumorfopoulos, the famous collector, bought one, and so did Mrs. Walter Sedgwick, amateur of Chinese bronzes, porcelain, and also of modern drawings. These tastes go together, you know.

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Royal activities have been helping to make the Little Season go with a swing already, for the Duke and Duchess of Kent's patronage made the ball at the Dorchester on Thursday last, in aid of the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes, particularly brilliant. Lord Clarendon, the president, took a party, and the programme of entertainment provided for guests included songs by the famous operatic tenor, Signor Dino Borgioli. Then on Nov. 29 we have an unusual royal evening to look forward to, for the Queen has consented to attend a special performance of "Macbeth" at the Old Vic in aid of the Centenary Fund of King's College Hospital. The performance has been arranged by the Ladies' Association of King's College Hospital, under the chairmanship of Lady Hambleden.

And while on the subject of efforts to help our hospitals, do not forget that the eleventh annual bridge tea, organised by the League of Mercy (Kensington District) under the immediate patronage of Princess Marie Louise, the President, takes place next Monday, Nov. 15, at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Write for your ticket (£2 2s. a table, or 5s. a single ticket for a non-player) to Mrs. Max Mayer, 20, Bolton Gardens. It's to be one of those tournaments with a prize for every table.

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The focal point of the brightest cocktail-party last week was, unfortunately, away in New York, but his spirit was present. In other words, a gay photograph of Cecil Beaton, surrounded in the best sentimental Victorian tradition by a wreath of faded artificial flowers, greeted guests at the Cecil Beaton's Scrapbook party given by Mr. Brian Cook and Mr. Derek Hill at Batsford's, the publishers of the book. The gallery had been papered in the cleverest way with the "scraps" of the volume; with large posies of artificial flowers and with pink muslin looped with blue ribbon. "Backing the scraps" was the rose-blooming wallpaper which is used as a cover to the book. It appears also in a very small room in Cecil Beaton's house at Ashcombe. Further landmarks of the Beaton track included pieces of furniture from his two residences, and the whole *décor* was a marvellous setting for a good party.

I for one had not previously realised what an excellent steady line Cecil Beaton has in his drawings. He thoroughly deserves the success his book has had here and in the U.S.A. Many of the distinguished personages who appear in the book were guests.

MRS. OSCAR DEUTSCH, *wife of the managing director of the Odeon Theatres, has designed all the interior decorations of these theatres. No two schemes have been alike. The new Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, which had such a brilliant gala opening last week with the presentation of "The Prisoner of Zenda" for the Scottish National Trust and the British Empire Cancer Campaign, is one of the cinema houses controlled by Mr. Deutsch's company.*

MRS. T. A. BOURN, *wife of Mr. T. A. (Dale) Bourn, the well-known Cambridge golfer and former English Amateur Champion, is here seen with her baby girl,* PENELOPE ROSEMARY ANNE BOURN. *Mrs. Bourn was Miss Naomi Waters.*

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There was a tremendous gathering of the Gordons at 27, Grosvenor Square at the reception after the wedding of Miss Jessamine Gordon to Mr. Michael Harmsworth. I have never seen St. Margaret's, Westminster, so crowded before. Late arrivals stood in the side aisles. It was a full choral service, beautifully sung. The music was planned by Lord Dudley Gordon, the bride's father, who is the possessor of a fine singing voice. At the reception I heard friends telling him "It was all perfect—except that you did not sing the Anthem solo yourself."

Apart from the bride, in white brocade with orange blossom arranged in a saint's halo, the most distinguished women there were her mother and her grandmother, Ishbel, Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair.

MARIEGOLD.

H.M. THE QUEEN *is here seen with the officers of the London Scottish, who were received last month at Buckingham Palace. The names in our group are (first row; l. to r.): Capt. F. G. Maxwell, Capt. M. P. Henderson, Capt. and Adjutant M. G. O. Hill (the Camerons), Col. L. D. Henderson, M.C., T.D. (Commanding Officer),* H.M. THE QUEEN, *Lieut.-Col L. D. Bennett, M.C., T.D., Major W. P. Scott, Capt. J. Peddie, and Lieut. and Quartermaster C. J. Lewis, M.B.E.; (second row; l. to r.): Capt. D. J. MacMyn (R.A.M.C., attached), Capt. J. E. Cameron, Lieut. N. Reid, 2nd Lieut. D. G. H. H. Smith, Lieut. J. B. Clapham, Capt. the Rev. J. R. Gillan (attached), Lieut. D. P. S. Graham, Capt. H. J. Wilson, Lieut. C. L. Campbell, Lieut. G. Fell Clark, and Capt. R. M. Macfarlane (R.A.M.C., attached); and (third row; l. to r.): Lieut. H. W. Wilson and 2nd Lieuts. A. N. Smith, R. Philp, D. A. G. Horton-Smith, D. T. D. Murray, G. D. Murray, J. H. S. Turnbull, D. G. B. Duff, and K. C. J. Christianson.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALE AND POLDEN.

PARLIAMENTARY LADIES AT STOKE POGES.

MRS. W. H. FERGUSON, *daughter of the late Sir Herbert Cory, Bt.*

The HON. MRS. ROBIN GURDON, *eldest sister of Viscount Cowdray.*

The COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK *(left) and the* MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT *competed in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Autumn Handicap at Stoke Poges.*

The HON. MRS. CECIL LOMAX *was accompanied by her little dog. She is the third daughter of Viscount Hampden. She won the bogey foursomes with Miss Schreiber.*

THE Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association held their autumn meeting at Stoke Poges. The Hon. Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson won the scratch prize after a tie at 81 with Mrs. I. Mills, the Welsh International. Miss P. Saunderson won the handicap and Lady Blyth and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce were second. Miss Schreiber and the Hon. Mrs. Lomax won the bogey foursomes, four up. Lady Headfort and Lady Brecknock returned two up. These are good scores against that stone-wall adversary, Colonel Bogey! Lady Headfort is a keen golfer and one of the most regular players at the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association meetings. Lady Brecknock is the daughter-in-law of the Marquess Camden. She was Miss Marjorie Jenkins. Miss Schreiber is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Shuldham Schreiber and a grand-daughter of the late Lord Faringdon.

MRS. ELLISON *(left) and* MRS. SHACKMAN *were prepared to face the worst downpour of rain and looked comfortable in their "all-weather" kit.*

LADY ROMILLY, MRS. COTTERELL, *and* LADY BETTY BUTLER *are discussing the game. Lady Romilly is the daughter of Lord Sackville. Lady Betty Butler is the sister of the Duchess of Sutherland.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY.

A SYLPHIDE TO CHOPIN.

A lovely study of MARGOT FONTEYN, the young prima ballerina of Sadler's Wells, in the classic ballet "Les Sylphides," to Chopin music.

CHINOISERIE TO MOZART.

NANA GOLLNER is here seen as the Chinese maiden in the charming ballet "L'Épreuve d'Amour," to music by Mozart, produced in 1936 by the Blum ballet. This portrait is by Gordon Anthony, the young photographer whose magnificent book of photographs "Ballet; Camera Studies," has just been published by Geoffrey Bles, with a foreword by Arnold Haskell.

DRAWN BY KING EDWARD VII. FOR HIS FATHER, THE PRINCE CONSORT.

This drawing was made by HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. *and bears the inscription: "For dear Papa, from his affect son Albert Edward. Xmas 24th December 1854." It was made, therefore, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was 13, as he was born on November 9, 1841. It is one of the illustrations in "Victorian Water-Colours at Windsor Castle," by Randall Davies, editor of the privately printed annual volumes of the Old Water-Colour Society's Club. He, having received Royal permission to select drawings from the Windsor Castle collection in order to celebrate Queen Victoria's centenary in a volume, found the drawings of such interest that it was decided to issue the book to the general public. The price is 21s.; the publishers are "Country Life," Ltd.*

MURALS BY A LEHMANN.

"PARIS, 1937" *is an amusing mural decoration recalling the Paris Exhibition. The German and Russian buildings facing one another by the Eiffel Tower are easily distinguished, as well as other Parisian and Exhibition landmarks.*

MISS OLGA LEHMANN *is a twenty-four-year-old artist, late student of the Slade School, who is holding her first one-woman show at the Little Gallery. Her exhibits include mural panels, sketches, and pen and ink drawings. She has already achieved a considerable reputation, and has decorated rooms and bars in hotels and private houses; and painted scenery. She was the designer of the 1933 issue of Newfoundland postage stamps commemorating the Humphrey Gilbert centenary.*

"A MUSEUM ABSTRACT" *is the title of this mural decoration by Miss Olga Lehmann, whose exhibition at the Little Gallery, 2, New Burlington Street, will continue until December 7.*

"FLOSSY" *is an amusing composition by Miss Lehmann. Note the Chinese-style landscape in the foreground and the curled coiffure à la Queen Alexandra.*

"BRIDGE" *is an abstract composition which presents no difficulty even to the least imaginative mind. The lamp, the cars, the tea, the concentration, and the cold landscape through the window are all featured.*

Olga Lehmann is a portrait-painter as well as a decorative artist. Here is a striking representational portrait of ANITA LIZANA, *the well-known Chilean lawn tennis player.*

MARLENE AS ANGEL TO ONE AND WIFE TO THE OTHER.

MARLENE DIETRICH *plays Lady Barker, the title-rôle, in* "ANGEL," *the new Paramount picture due to-night (November 10) at the Plaza.* HERBERT MARSHALL *(left) is Sir Frederick Barker, her husband, and* MELVYN DOUGLAS *is Anthony Halton, her devoted admirer. The cares of a diplomatic career have led Sir Frederick to neglect his wife, but the admiration of Anthony for his "Angel," after nearly wrecking the marriage, serves to bring about a reconciliation.*

PLAYTIME FOR OUR YOUNGEST PRINCE AND PRINCESS:

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *with her two children,* H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD *and* H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT *with*
OF KENT, *who was bo*

IN spite of their many public en
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
of time to their children, our y
spend many happy hours playing
married couple. These beautiful ph
front page, were taken at the Duke
Bucks, which was left him by her la

PHOTOGRAPH

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

his son, H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD
n on October 9, 1935.

gagements, Their Royal Highnesses
OF KENT devote a great deal
oungest Prince and Princess, and
ith them, like any ordinary young
tographs, as well as the study on our
's country house, The Coppins, Iver,
te Royal Highness Princess Victoria.

BY BARON.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT *registering surprise. She was born on Christmas Day 1936.*

VICKY'S exhibition of caricatures and cartoons will open at the Lefèvre Gallery on November 24. These eight will be among those on view, and you can see how varied is his style. Vicky, whose full name is Victor Weiss, began his career very early—like many great men! At eight he began painting in oils, under two German painters, and at thirteen he entered the Berlin Academy. His talent for caricature and cartoons was developing;

[*Continued below.*

MARLENE DIETRICH.

MERLE OBERON.

CHARLES LAUGHTON.

Continued.]

and he gave several exhibitions of his work. He was quite well known when, at fourteen, he found he had to support his family; and his first contract as political and theatrical cartoonist was quickly obtained with *Uhr Blatt*, then one of Berlin's foremost newspapers. Imagine the editor's consternation when the boy turned up on his first

[*Continued opposite.*

A. P. HERBERT.

VICKY'S VERSATILITY WITH STAGE, SCREEN,

JESSIE MATTHEWS.

FLORA ROBSON.

KATHARINE HEPBURN.

Continued.]
day in schoolboy shorts! He sent Vicky out to buy long trousers—so that he could attend first-nights and cover plays for the paper At the same time Vicky had a contract for animated commercial short films. He also designed costume and stage decorations for the Scala Theatre, Berlin. Since then he has gone ahead like wildfire; drawing for many papers, *The Sketch* among others; meeting famous people; and caricaturing everybody of note. He came to England in 1935.

J. B. PRIESTLEY.

DRAMATIC, AND POLITICAL STARS.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

FIVE-YEAR-OLD LONNY BLISS—FOR FINDING HIS SURNAME IN FISHING FROM A BIG LILY-LEAF.

MISS JILL FARMILOE—FOR HER MOUTHFULS OF ROSETTES AND HER MOUNTAIN OF CUPS FOR HORSEMANSHIP.

LONNY BLISS is a fly-weight Miami angler who can fish from the tropical lily leaves, instead of using a boat!

NADIA BOULANGER is the only woman to conduct at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert throughout the 124 years of its history. She was the conductor on November 4, when the programme included Fauré's Requiem Mass, which she conducted last year in London at an Anglo-French Art and Travel Society Concert. Nadia Boulanger is here seen in action without a bâton, or even a knitting-needle or a chair-leg! We mention these strange alternatives to the more usual bâton as Mr. Reginald Jaques, Director of Music at Queen's College, Oxford, stated recently that he had seen women conducting grandly with such objects. Nadia Boulanger beats time largely with her left hand. She and her group of singers had appeared at the Queen's Hall before, but not behind the bust of Beethoven.

JILL FARMILOE, at the age of fourteen, has reached the front rank of horsemanship, as may be seen from the display of prize rosettes and trophies she has won at Horse Shows and Hunter Trials. As everyone knows, riders who receive winning rosettes in the show ring carry them round the arena in their mouths.

JACK OAKIE and his wife, the former Venita Varden, recently gave a birthday party on their lawn tennis court, which was roofed over. They went all Scottish.

NADIA BOULANGER—FOR BEING THE FIRST WOMAN CHOSEN TO CONDUCT AT A ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY CONCERT, FOR FAVOURING THE BÂTON-LESS HAND, AND FOR AVOIDING KNITTING-NEEDLES OR A CHAIR-LEG.

A. S. KERSHAW—FOR INTRODUCING A "HOLE-Y" DUMMY RUGGER PLAYER TO GIVE SWINTON PRACTICE IN PASSING.

A. S. KERSHAW, the famous Rugger coach, has revolutionary ideas on training and has introduced novel methods of coaching for the Swinton Rugby Football Club. His pupils must learn to throw the ball through the hole in the figure at passing practice.

JACK OAKIE *and* MRS. OAKIE—FOR BEING SKITTISH AND SCOTTISH AT MRS. OAKIE'S TENNIS COURT BIRTHDAY-PARTY.

THISTLEDOWN AND MARBLE.

MISS ALICE YOUNG, American prima ballerina, is as light as thistledown *sur les pointes*. She is posed by a marble Venus on the roof of the Radio City Music Hall.

GARY COOPER AS MARCO POLO—
WITH THE NEWLY DISCOVERED GURIE.

GARY COOPER plays the title-rôle in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Samuel Goldwyn's new spectacular film. Here he is with the Princess Kukachin (SIGRID GURIE) in a moonlit Chinese garden at the court of Kublai Khan. Miss Gurie is the newly discovered Norwegian star.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY BUCKLEY.

JO OF "YES AND NO."

MISS DIANA CHURCHILL plays Joanna, or Jo Jarrow, the temperamental daughter of the country rector, in "YES AND NO," *the new comedy by Kenneth Horne at the Ambassadors Theatre. In the first act Jo says "No" to the young man with a job in Persia who has come to the rectory to propose to her; in the second act she says "Yes"; and then there's an epilogue in which the audience sees what really happened!*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

ONE by one, the London theatres bring themselves up to the ciné-palace standards of comfort and appearance. The old Prince of Wales's had ceased to be princely; the new, which has arrived with remarkable speed in Coventry Street, is excellently adapted for the big musical shows in which this house specialises. It is very much broader now—the stage, I mean, not the dialogue—and there is a much wider, better-equipped, and better-looking auditorium. People often complain that the London theatres have lost continuity of tradition. At the Jollity, for example, there may be Ibsen one day and revue the next: this, we are told, puzzles and annoys the British public, who like a shop to be the same shop, and keep on selling shoes all the time, not shoes to-day and soap to-morrow.

That charge can never have been brought against Mr. Esdaile and Mr. Courtney at the Prince of Wales's. They cater consistently and successfully for the very large public who still believe in Gay Paree and accept a Frenchified title as a guarantee of gorgeous goings-on. The name this time is "LES FOLIES DE PARIS ET LONDRES," and the feast provided is a continuous series of sketch and spectacle, with a considerable display of woman, lovely woman—or, rather, of *les femmes, les belles femmes*. Do the enraptured (and linguistic) male patrons in the stalls say to each other: "*Oh, garçon!*" as all this beauty comes on parade? This time Mr. Peter Haddon brings his affable folly to the comedian's part, and he is admirably assisted by the lively comedy of Miss Collette Lyons and Mr. Eddie Foy. There are several good "turns," which, I suppose, are varied from time to time, while the substance of the show, with its glitter and glamour and belles and ballets, continues to delight those for whom it is intended. As Mr. Damon Runyon might solemnly say: "Those citizens and their ever-loving wives who are gratified by this are gratified more than somewhat."

"AUTUMN," at the St. Martin's, seen by Sherriffs. Sir Brian Brooke, K.C. (WYNDHAM GOLDIE), *being temporarily stricken with ophthalmia, insists on his wife* (FLORA ROBSON) *reading his letters to him. One of these is anonymous, and accuses Lady Brooke, very impudently, of being the lover of Mark Seeley, a barrister. This is a fact, but, in the circumstances, Lady Brooke feels it wiser to say that Mark is really in love with Monica, her stepdaughter.*

She puts the case to Mark Seeley (JACK HAWKINS), *who, with the adaptability of his calling, falls in with the idea of making love to Monica.*

Six or seven months later a marriage has been arranged, but intuition tells Monica (VICTORIA HOPPER), *a Communist, that Mark and Lady Brooke have been rather more than friends. So—not being that sort of Communist—she biffs off to take up a career of iniquity.*

A very different kind of variety is often on view at the PLAYER'S THEATRE CLUB, which Mr. Peter Ridgeway conducts in King Street, Covent Garden. This is the site of Evans's Supper Rooms, where Thackerayan London enjoyed its chops and choruses. So the new Club appropriately provides intimate vaudeville, small in scale but large in wit, as well as full-length plays. The premises have been improved, and are now adorned with "murals" of Victorian revelry by a talented daughter of Mr. Leslie Banks. Mr. Eric Christmas proves himself a first-rate entertainer. So does Mr. Archie Harradine. Recently in the same bill was "God's Jailer," a clever one-act play by Mr. Geoffrey Thomas. I suggest to Mr. Ridgeway that he may not find many good three-act plays available for his stage, and that, if this is the case, he specialise in clever cabaret. A club with that laid on will always do well, especially if it is open on Sunday.

Another Sunday-night affair—but with a difference. The London International Theatre Club (membership, 2s. 6d.; and seats at reasonable prices) proposes to have a show on every Sunday at the Duke of York's Theatre. The present idea is for one play to be given three performances on successive Sundays. The job will be to find plays worth doing. A highly distinguished start was made with one of Mr. James Bridie's excursions into the Apocryphal country. "SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS" turned out to be a typical product of Mr. Bridie's humour and humanity, and of Mr. Shelving's touch in decoration. Considering the difficulties of preparing a Sunday show, the result reflected great credit on the new organisation and on Mr. Ayliff, who produced. The piece would be better played faster, and the performance was not, I thought, complimentary to the "delicate and beauteous" Jewess of the title, who arrived before us with a schoolgirl complexion and too much of a schoolgirl manner. But the portraits of the libidinous elders, finely contrasted in the lean and the stout of Mr. Raymond Huntley and Mr. Frank Pettingell, were brilliantly done. Mr. Stanley Lathbury, as the fussiest and most futile fossil on the Babylonian bench, and Mr. Geoffrey Edwards as a Daniel come to judgment, were also first rate. Mr. Pettingell's apoplectic end was really a terrific piece of acting.

The Old Vic offers Mr. Emlyn Williams as "RICHARD III." I mention the actor and the character first because this is a one-man show, if ever there was one. Apart from the wailing women and cursing crones—and how they wail and curse!—there is scarcely a part worth playing. At any rate, it is always up to the actors to make one of these reach-me-down gangsters come alive. Mr. Mark Dignam did the trick with Buckingham. If Shakespeare really designed this play, as well as shoving in the beauty-spots ("Their lips were four red roses on a stalk," and suchlike), he had tumbled to the necessity of achieving continuity, a fact of which the author of the three parts of "Henry VI." was not aware. He held the string of murders together by the personality of the murderer. Richard Crookback was everything that a right-minded gallery (or set of "groundlings") wants to hate and hiss. But the Old Vic won't hiss a villain and modern actors won't play up for hisses in the grand old manner.

So Mr. Guthrie has given us a rather "arty," intellectualised version of this blood-and-thunder stuff, and Mr. Williams, instead of making us shiver in our seats, makes Crookback a sly, interesting, psychological case who makes up with a sense of humour for what he lacks of conscience. It is a most ingenious piece of work, which is more likely to interest the intelligent Shakespearean than to knock the ordinary playgoer all of a heap. Miss Jean Cadell plays a part out of her usual beat, as a cursing Queen, and she spills her malignant bibful with great venom and rhetorical force.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

ON the site of the old Alhambra, the new Odeon has risen majestically, its lofty tower and black granite façade proudly proclaiming it monarch of the two hundred Odeons erected and controlled by Oscar Deutsch. It is a beautiful cinema. It has space, dignity, and the fine curves of its dull gold auditorium walls lead the eye graciously, without too much decorative interruption, to the screen. Its harmonies of brown, amber and gold compose a scheme of colouring at once pleasant and palatial, a happy combination that will enhance the enjoyment of the big pictures selected for presentation in this truly noble house. The choice of David O. Selznick's production, "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," for the opening of the Odeon has a great deal to commend it. This screen-adaptation of Anthony Hope's famous novel—a novel that created the legendary but immortal kingdom of Ruritania and added an adjective to our language—has a splendour to match its first London frame. Its gallant, swashbuckling action, its atmosphere of royalty and courts have the requisite *panache* for an important event. Will the Bright Young Things of to-day take kindly to honour, duty, love and villainy so clearly labelled? Or will they think it all "so quaint"? I wonder. For myself, I thoroughly enjoyed this return to romance, this bit of fictional history from the days when, to quote the introductory caption: "History wore a rose" and Rudolf Rassendyll, blood relation and double of Ruritania's king, abandoned his fishing to defend the throne from Black Michael, loved, fought and rode away. The picture is magnificently staged, and played, as it should be, in the grand manner. Trick photography performs its magic for the cleverly differentiated dual rôles of Ronald Colman—dissolute king and debonair Englishman—and his easy bearing lightens his burden of heroic honours. Douglas Fairbanks Junior's Rupert of Hentzau is admirably conceived in a light and impish vein, in sharp contrast to Raymond Massey's dour villainy as Black Michael. Princess Flavia, always a supremely stately person, demands little more from Madeleine Carroll than the loan of her beauty, whilst in C. Aubrey Smith's hands gruff old Colonel Sapt seems to have acquired more benevolence than of yore. But time has not dimmed the charm of this Ruritanian adventure (I cannot do without Mr. Hope's adjective) nor lessened the thrills of that hectic night in the Castle of Zenda, where Rupert and Rassendyll cross swords in their classic duel, and Mr. Fairbanks makes a marvellous exit with a high dive into the moat.

Mr. Rassendyll has a rival in another Rudolph of royal blood who, in his turn, embarks on a masquerade in pursuit of romance. "LOVELY TO LOOK AT" (Tivoli) is a very free adaptation of an Austrian play, "Der Komet," set, for the benefit of the charming Sonja Henie, in a Swiss winter-sport resort whose patron saint is St. Cristophe, but whose fairy queen is undoubtedly Miss Henie. She appears as Lili Heiser, skating instructress at a luxury hotel selected as a suitable rendezvous for an international conference whose members include Tyrone Power as young Prince Rudolph. The Prince's chauffeur gives the girl a lift and thus provides a tit-bit of gossip, connecting Lili's name with Rudolph's, that is built up into a first-class and profitable scandal. Lili, its bewildered heroine, strenuously denies all knowledge of the Prince, though in this she is mistaken. For the handsome young man who calls himself a reporter and with whom she goes ski-ing in the morning is—can you guess?—none other than Prince Rudolph. The story lacks the satirical edge of the original play, and the efforts of two bickering delegates to get at the Prince, who diplomatically lies doggo, are inclined to be a trifle tedious. But the plot serves to launch Miss Henie on the ice in interludes of exhibition skating that are wholly enchanting and carries two very engaging young people to the snow-clad mountain slopes whereon they trace the patterns of their swift skis or pause for dalliance by the way against glorious Alpine backgrounds.

"THE SQUEAKER" (London Pavilion), an adaptation of one of the most famous detective dramas from the Edgar Wallace collection, differs from the majority of its kind in that the identity of the villain is revealed at an early stage of the story. Scotland Yard has a shrewd and obviously justified suspicion that the wanted man is the manager of a shipping firm, known to the underworld as the "Squeaker." This astute individual feathers his nest by forcing thieves to part with their loot at bargain prices under threat of exposure. The task of bringing him to book is entrusted to an ex-detective, whose former alcoholic indiscretions are to be condoned if he succeeds, and, of course, succeed he does, after the necessary complications have tested his skill, whilst the crook's pretty fiancée steals his heart. A thrill or two punctuates the development of the plot, though the tension is allowed to go a trifle slack at times until the final confrontation of the culprit with his victims, fiercely alive and most grimly dead, forces a confession from his lips. Directed by William K. Howard, the piece is acted in a curiously minor key, especially by the ladies who decorate its theme, Ann Todd and Tamara Desni. Edmund Lowe's pleasant sense of humour occasionally enlivens the stern business of sleuthing a master-criminal, a cool hand as played by Sebastian Shaw. With Alastair Sim's amusing study of a Scottish reporter and a variety of polished settings to relieve the austerities of Scotland Yard, the melodrama is, on the whole, good entertainment.

Mark is surprised and — surprisingly — indignant. Sir Brian stiffens his upper lip.

In case we were forgetting that all this is realism—à la Russe—in comes an aunt, May Drummond (MURIEL AKED), with a wedding present called "Mother and Child." We sweep from high tragedy to base hilarity.

In the end Monica comes back, and the happy pair drive off, leaving Lady Brooke to read poetry ferociously to the K.C., who has our sympathy.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xx.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AMATEURS IN "RICHARD OF BORDEAUX."

THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY *presented Gordon Daviot's* "RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" *from Nov. 3-6 at the New Scala. In this are (l. to r.); Duke of Gloucester* (MR. ERNEST H. DAVIES), *Richard II.* (MR. PAUL NELSON), *Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford* (MR. FRANKLIN ENGELMANN), *and Richard, Earl of Arundel* (MR. JOHN COHEN).

Richard II. (MR. PAUL NELSON) *and Anne of Bohemia, his Queen* (MISS WINIFRED REED), *are with Michael de la Pole, Chancellor of England* (MR. JOHN HALL BROWNFIELD), *and Sir Simon Burley, the King's tutor* (MR. BASIL BROOKE).

Henry, Earl of Derby (Bolingbroke, son of Lancaster) (MR. NORMAN J. ATKINS), *is seen with Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury* (MR. A. H. LEVEAUX). *Richard II.* (MR. PAUL NELSON), *John Maudelyn, the King's Secretary* (MR. COLIN BIGGS), *and the Duke of York (Edmund of Langley)* (MR. NEIL C. A. SIMON).

Richard II. (MR. PAUL NELSON) *and Anne of Bohemia* (MISS WINIFRED REED) *in their carefree days; with (l. to r.) John Maudelyn* (MR. COLIN BIGGS) *and a Page* (MR. JOHN P. KEMBALL).

Anne of Bohemia (MISS WINIFRED REED) *and Richard II.* (MR. PAUL NELSON). *Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies played these rôles in the production at the New Theatre in 1933, which ran for 472 performances.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

BEAUTY TRIUMPHS OVER THE PEASANT "HANDKIE."

MISS DIANA WYNYARD, *is to star in Gilbert Miller's production of Humbert Wolfe's adaptation in verse of "Silent Knight," due at the St. James's on November 16. The play, a romance of the middle ages, set in Hungary and Italy, has been adapted from the Hungarian script by Eugene Heltoi. Miss Wynyard is here seen wearing what, to most women, is an unbecoming fashion, the peasant handkerchief, but her beauty rises triumphantly over any such handicap.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

MARIE NEY AS MRS. ALVING.

Everyone who saw MISS MARIE NEY *as Mrs. Alving in the Buxton Festival production of Ibsen's* "GHOSTS" *enthusiastically acclaimed her performance as an outstanding one. London playgoers now have the chance of seeing her in this part; for Bronson Albery arranged to present the piece at the Vaudeville on Monday last, November 8, for a limited season of three weeks. Emlyn Williams, the Oswald of the Buxton production, is playing Richard III. at the Old Vic, so the part is being taken by Clifford Evans.*

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The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

MAGGY ROUFF, whose brilliant clothes are always front-page news in the Paris Collections, has opened a Salon in London—at 12a, Stanhope Gate, Park Lane—where she is now showing her magnificent winter Collection.

On the right is one of her debonair and colourful tailored ensembles. The coat and the skirt are of black wool jersey, the skirt bordered with velvet to match the *motifs* on the long-sleeved waistcoat, fronted half in coral and half in wedgwood blue. The jacket, fitted to the waist, is similarly lined in the two colours.

Immediately above is an evening dress of peony pink velvet, the uneven flounce at the hem lined with black to link up with the black velvet lacings at the back, and the velvet muff and necklet, which is finished with a chou.

At the head of the page is one of Maggy Rouff's lovely afternoon coats, lavishly fur-trimmed, but supremely simple in line. This model is in brown cloth, the shoulders heightened by the trimming of blue fox.

All things inspire her, and she has made the evening coat on the right entirely of ribbons, red lamé and green lamé alternated, the colouring emphasised by the dark fur.

TRUE ELEGANCE

THIS, undoubtedly, is a black winter, and nobody handles it with greater understanding or with such supreme artistry as Isobel, in whose London house at 70, Grosvenor Street, the most perfect day and evening clothes are being shown. Here is one of her cocktail dresses, made in black georgette and net, softly moulded to the body, the subtle semi-transparency of the top emphasising the slenderness of the waist and hips.

The Charm of Colour

STEP out jauntily by day, tailored slickly and to a most enviable slenderness. Marjorie Castle knows how it is done, as you can see by her suit on the left, with its soft brown woollen skirt and its grass-green jacket trimmed demurely with nutria. She has a collection of the most engaging town and country suits in her new house at 55, Grosvenor Street, W., and, to accompany them, the sort of accessories and jewellery that one dreams about but all too seldom finds.

BY night your clothes may be sophisticatedly simple or devastatingly romantic, and here again Marjorie Castle has dresses and suits and coats to meet your every whim. The frock below, with its high draped neckline and its gently flared skirt, is ideal for dining and dancing, the belt, fastened with a knot of gold cable, matching the embroidery of the jacket, worked in open sequins and tiny gold leaves. It is black, of course, for black—or white—and gold are the season's highlights.

FASHION SUGGESTS SLICKNESS BY DAY, SEDUCTIVENESS BY NIGHT

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MME. BONNECHANCE was a marriage-broker, the most successful member of her profession in all Paris. She had arranged matrimony for persons in every walk of life, often to the satisfaction of her clients, always with profit to herself: her only failure had been in the matter of her own marriage. Somewhere she had a husband and his presumed existence prevented her marrying again: that was his only meaning in her life. But she had had a series of lovers, for whom, when she grew tired of them, she made suitable matches; and there reigned in her heart and depleted her cheque-book (when Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' story opens) a certain Prince Bolonsky, a Russian of doubtful title and more than doubtful antecedents. She had not really grown tired of him, and this, I think, constitutes a flaw in Mrs. Lowndes' absorbing and exciting story; for she acted as though she had. She decided to marry him off (though maintaining, perhaps, a controlling interest in him) to eighteen-year-old Bridget Malone, an American heiress newly arrived in Paris. She was not alone, however, in her design of finding a *parti* for Bridget. The girl's guardian, Kathleen O'Donnell, owner of a castle and encumbered estate in Ireland, entertained the hope that she might fall in love with her (Kathleen's) queer-tempered nephew, Kevin.

The Trap and the Bird. "The Marriage Broker" is an admirable example of how carefully, when violent feelings and desperate actions are impending, Mrs. Lowndes prepares the way for them. Fresh from the convent in America, Bridget knew nothing of the ways of the world—still less of the underworld. So she did not find it strange that Prince Bolonsky was always turning up wherever she and her chaperon happened to be. But she would certainly have told her guardian about him, had not Mrs. O'Donnell been too much occupied with her own concerns to take proper interest in her charge. Bridget was lonely. Nobody, she felt, wanted her. Mrs. O'Donnell was on the eve of an autumnal romance with Colonel Desmond. The two English girls who belonged to the party already knew their Paris and were selfishly bent on having a good time. Kevin divided his time between them and the sports club where he took violent exercise. No one invited her confidences, no one seemed to value her for herself except Mrs. Lampson, the paid *dame pour accompagner*, and Prince Bolonsky, both of whom were Mme. Bonnechance's agents. The trap was cunningly laid, but Bridget would not have fallen into it without these predisposing circumstances.

Murder—and After.

Half-way through the book a murder of a particularly squalid kind is committed, but Mrs. Lowndes does not therefore lose sight of the psychological implications of her theme. The murder, in spite of its fearsome ramifications, remains incidental, an overwhelmingly important factor in Bridget's situation, but not overwhelmingly important in itself. The police behave sensibly and with true Latin gallantry, sparing the young, pretty, unhappy millionairess all they can. Money, clothes, and food must still receive their due consideration even if a middle-aged Frenchwoman is lying strangled on her bed. Food, indeed, has a large and appetising rôle in "The Marriage Broker," and contributes to what is perhaps the finest and most moving scene in the story—Kevin's dinner with Bridget at the restaurant in the Bois. Never, surely, has the substitution of one dish for another been fraught with so much symbolical meaning. But though "The Marriage Broker" is not a murder story in the ordinary sense of the term, it contains enough horror, develops enough suspense—in fact, produces in the reader enough emotional disturbance, to make the concluding scenes in Ireland deliciously idyllic and refreshing. Here, on the river and at the horse fair, we get a glimpse of an unfamiliar Mrs. Lowndes. All tension gone from her pen, she relaxes in country sentiment and country scenes, and the effect is enchanting.

MADAME AZCÁRATE FLOREZ, *wife of H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, acted as hostess to the members of the London Contemporary Music centre at the concert held at the Spanish Embassy. In order to get back from Spain in time to receive the guests H.E. the Ambassador and Madame Azcárate had to fly back in bad weather. Madame Azcárate's daughter helped her to receive.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

The marriage of MISS JESSAMINE GORDON, *only daughter of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, of Wilmington Hall, Dartford, to* MR. STANLEY G. M. ST. J. HARMSWORTH, *youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Harmsworth, was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster.*

"Castle Bran." "Long Vacation" was a delightful first novel that made one look eagerly for Lady Tegart's next venture. And here it is, "Castle Bran," a story not about Wales this time, but Ireland. The Misses More—middle-aged ladies, each with a strongly marked personality—occupy the home of their ancestors, Kildoran House; it is shabby, but full of dignity, like themselves. The owner, their nephew, Dennis, is a painter, a happy-go-lucky young man who visits his property but rarely; his Uncle Tim, still more of a rolling stone, lives by his wits and on the reputation he made as a soldier in the war. Circumstances bring them both to Kildoran House; Dennis because he is engaged and wants to present his fiancée to his aunts and show her her future home; Tim because he has acquired, for a song, a neighbouring country house, Castle Bran, empty and even more dilapidated than his nephew's. He wants to put it in order for his tenant, Miss Lilah Bosanquet, an actress famous on stage and screen. But before he can do that he has to face a *mauvais quart d'heure* with another tenant, Colonel Stanley, to whom he has let the Kildoran fishing. The irascible Colonel has found that his waters are being shamelessly poached; the whole village turns out to fish there, using the most unorthodox methods: and Tim More must furnish an explanation.

A Charmer. Thus the stage is set for a story which is as full of surprises and laughable episodes as any lover of a certain type of Irish fiction, or fiction about Ireland, could wish. Increasingly it becomes apparent that Tim More is the moving spirit in this corner of the countryside; though he does not mean to pay the piper, he is determined to call the tune: and circumstances, and his own gift of the gab, fight for him. He puts a stop to poaching by suggesting to the credulous villagers

[*Continued on page* xviii.

BY APPOINTMENT

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C.F.H.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

WHAT is the truth about all the sensational statements which have been published in connection with Henry Cotton? I have been asked this question so frequently that I make no excuse for raising the subject again in these columns. Many of the statements are not facts; the whole thing has been exaggerated out of all proportion; and there is no storm in golf circles either about the treatment or the behaviour of our Open Champion. Cotton is "news" because he is the most outstanding personality of this generation in British golf. He has set a new standard for professional golfers, and some of his contemporaries cannot reach these heights.

I knew Cotton when he used to learn club-making in a shed in his garden at Dulwich, soon after he left Alleyn's School. I saw him play in the Boys' Amateur Championship, and I have been in close association with him during his climb to fame by sheer perseverance. He is not what is termed a "natural" golfer. Cotton worked out his game for himself, borrowing some of the theories and principles of the great masters in his youthful days, travelling, at his own expense, to the United States when American professionals were on the top of the world, to discover and assimilate the secrets of their success. Eventually, he built up a game which has made him the most successful golfer of his time.

Cambridge University were defeated by Walton Heath. Here MR. G. O. PEAKE *(l.) is seen with* MR. T. P. PARSONS *and* MR. G. MORTON, *whom he and Mr. G. E. Hewan beat in the foursomes.*

MR. D. A. DRAYSON *and* MR. L. C. NUNNELEY *played for Walton Heath against Cambridge and in the foursomes lost to Mr. Whitelaw and Mr. Stewart.*

MR. J. D. LANGLEY *(l.) and his partner,* MR. S. D. DALLEY, *of the Cambridge team, are here going out to play their match in the foursomes at Walton Heath against the Club pair,* MR. G. RUSSELL *and the* HON. C. RUSSELL *(r.), who won by 3 and 2.*

Expensive, but He Knows.

Let us be frank and acknowledge that in the process of becoming Britain's "Number One" golfer, Henry Cotton has, on occasion, courted criticism. There was little place in his life for the social side of golf. All the time he was working at his game. Golf was, and is, his profession, and, rightly, his first consideration. Now that his methods have proved to be a complete success, there are some golfers who are more than inclined to belittle our Champion. If you wish to play a round of golf with Cotton, or take a lesson from him, it costs you more than any other man in the game charges in this country. If he is asked to engage in a day's exhibition golf, his terms are higher than those of his fellows. However, Cotton's time is fully taken up with discriminating golfers who think that it is cheap at the price to play with or be tutored by him, because they realise that he *knows* because he has not followed orthodox teachings, but worked them out for himself.

Recently he built a house which is estimated to have cost ten thousand pounds. Again a storm. But Cotton is a man of taste, and his home is not a blatant monument of success, but a home in the true sense. I cannot tell you what he actually paid for his house, but, in any case, the price is not a matter of importance, except to his critics. Cotton is extremely popular with the great majority, and has created a home in which he can adequately entertain his host of friends. It is said that he seems very serious, almost forbiddingly so, when engaged in tournament golf. That is not in itself a crime; neither should it make him unpopular with anybody. Some spectators who are taking a holiday to watch him apparently overlook the fact that he is working at his profession, and I doubt very much whether they would gladly receive a slap-on-the-back type of visitor with any cordiality on their busiest working days in the office. But meet Cotton at home, or in the club-house after play is finished, and you discover a charming and entertaining personality; a man who can discuss almost any subject intelligently. This is the man who has brought about a revolution in professional golf and has raised the standard of all professional golfers by his own personality and perseverance.

Dinner-Table Topic.

If I needed any further excuse for discussing Britain's leading golfer at such length, it would be supplied by my neighbours at the recent dinner, or banquet, of the Stage Golfing Society. While I was anxious to discuss the stage, they preferred to talk about golf, and Cotton in particular. But that did not prevent me from discovering that almost everybody who is anybody connected with the theatrical profession was present at one of the most entertaining social functions of the year. As usual, it provided a feast of brilliant oratory, and ample proof of Mr. Norman Birkett's wit when he declared that "extemporary speeches are not worth the paper they are written on." There were lots of other clever speeches, but the all-star performance, attended by about four hundred guests, proved one thing quite clearly, and that is that the social side of golf is not its least important.

Local Government Schemes and Golf Clubs.

For that reason I think golfers are not a little concerned at the activities of municipal authorities, who seem anxious to acquire most of the golf-courses around London. Everybody will agree with the laudable idea of the "Green Belt," scheme, but there will be anything but a unanimous view about the methods adopted to achieve this. A number of golf clubs in the London area have been absorbed in the scheme. Some of them have been able to secure continuity of their leases by providing facilities for public golf at certain hours or on certain days. That is an excellent idea, for the public can enjoy golfing facilities which they might not otherwise be able to afford, while the club relieves the ratepayers of any cost for maintenance of the golf-course. But there is a tendency nowadays to absorb golf clubs completely in local government schemes.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

This England . . .

Stone circle at Castle Rigg—Nr. Keswick

RESPONSIBILITY for these ancient monuments has been fathered variously upon Druids, Celts and Neolithic man—with what truth we cannot say and the defendants cannot tell. It is even held by some—who doubtless have no sculptors in the family—that the modern commemorative statue is a lineal descendant of this prehistoric habit. Ribald or no, there is a sort of truth in this, in the sense that we in England have a gift for perpetuating what we hold to be memorable or good. The Great Age of English brewing was not yesterday—but the greatest brew is still among us. The respectful silence in which you view your first cromlech has something of the same quality as that which follows your first Worthington upon a thirsty hour.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I DON'T see why there should not be an informative Stock Exchange report given by the B.B.C. in the later News, every night. There 's no necessity to have advice or any suggestion of tips. Just a plain statement of what has taken place during the day, given by someone who knows what he is talking about."

"It could be done all right," the broker affirmed. "I agree with you that some such service is badly wanted, but I can tell you again that it 's hopeless to expect. The B.B.C. is so afraid of anything in the nature of a tip being given on the wireless, that it won't take the slightest risk."

"Risk of what?"

"Of listeners being told that the War Loan is safe, or that New York Centrals are shares in what at one time was a flourishing American Railroad. What are you feeling yourself all over for? Broken a rib? Or do you want a match? Try my lighter."

"I was looking for a postage-stamp. Ah, thanks," and he dipped it in the flower-bowl.

"Don't you disarrange my chrysanthemums," the broker warned him, "or my secretary will never give you tea any more. They represent Monday morning's work."

"I rather like to see flowers in a City office," said Our Stroller. "After all, you spend half your life in it, so I don't see why it shouldn't look bright."

"You should hear the brightness of his language," the partner remarked, "when he knocks over a vase of roses and the water gets spilt over his precious epistles. Forget-me-nots are not so blue as the atmosphere in those tense moments."

"Supposing that you had racked your grey matter in an effort to write a few intelligent letters——"

"—And others as well."

"—And then have the whole collection blurred by a torrent of flower-water—what would you say?"

"Liquidation," replied Our Stroller.

"And as a matter of fact, it happened only once, so there 's nothing much to make all this fuss about."

He turned over a pile of letters. "Shall I sign them now, or later on?" he asked himself.

"You seem to be busy," said Our Stroller politely.

"They 're not all executions by any means. I wish they were," the broker answered.

"By 'executions,'" his partner explained, "he doesn't mean Deceased Accounts. He refers to those letters which report the execution of orders."

"I 've been buying Tube Investments for a few of my personal friends," the broker continued. "And some of these letters give my reasons why I think the shares are worth having."

"What are Tube Investments? Underground Railway shares?"

"I don't think! The Company is a holding concern interested in the manufacture of all kinds of light tubular work: piping for electric wires, tube-furniture, golf clubs—heaps of other things. Good show, too, and the shares are cheap."

"Sort of thing for permanent investment?"

"Quite. You have to take an ordinary business risk, naturally, in buying shares of this type."

"Falling off of national prosperity, eh?"

"Yes; but I can't see that happening for two or three years to come, can you?"

"The re-armament boom can't last for ever."

"I think we make too much of that, as an argument. Look at the success of the Motor Show: you can't put that down to re-armament, but the companies did a huge business—most of them."

"Wasn't that just newspaper bunk?"

"No; not this year. On some of the previous occasions there may have been a little picturesque exaggeration."

"'May have been'?"

"My boy, I happen to know about this year's Show. And you can take it from me that more people bought more cars than ever. The export orders were well up, too. The country is prospering; there 's money about; lots of people are changing to new cars. I believe it pays, as a business proposition, to have a new car every year."

"I 'm doing that myself," said his partner. "And I 'm curious to see how it is going to work out. Some of these cars that you see advertised are horribly temptacious."

"What happens to the old ones?" asked Our Stroller. "You 'd think the land must be littered with them. Do they get melted down for scrap? Or what?"

"I 've often wondered that myself. It 's like the old question, What happens to all the dead donkeys? I 've never seen a dead donkey. Have you?"

"With so many live ones kicking about, why worry about the others? Coming over to the House?"

"Signs of Christmas," said Our Stroller, pausing to look at a collection of mechanical toys set out in Throgmorton Street.

"Christmas will be on us before we can make enough money to pay for the puddings. Terrible, isn't it! I 'm told that some of the West End stores are running Toy Fairs already."

"Harrods are, for one. Pretty enterprising of them, isn't it? Any special feature?" he asked a dealer in the oil market.

"Steady to a shade harder," was the reply. "Have you anything to tell me?"

"Can't say I have. You wouldn't put people off your things?"

"What a question to ask a jobber in them! Of course, I wouldn't. Not even if you wanted my impartial opinion."

"How about over-production of oil? Isn't that a possible snag?"

"Always, of course. But not likely to become dangerous if the world settles down and the wars in Spain and China come to an end."

"Think they will?"

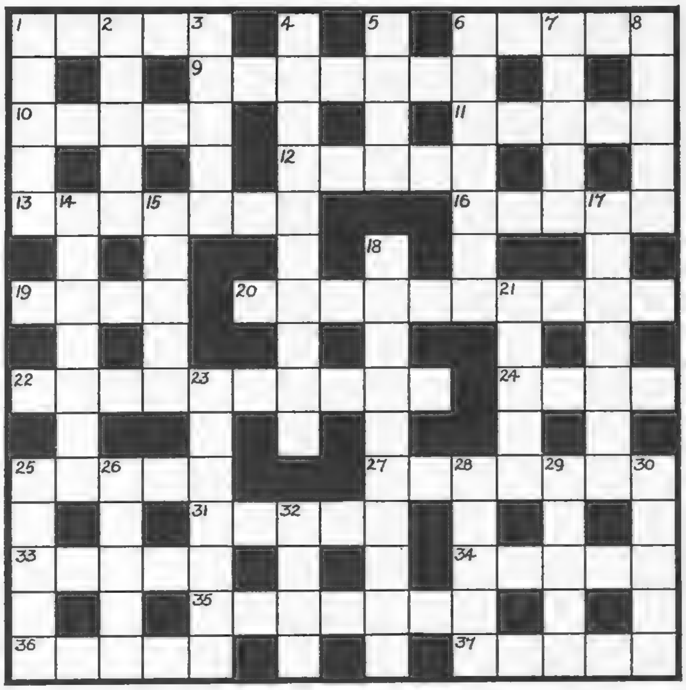
The jobber shrugged his shoulders. "You can judge for yourself as well as I can."

"It 's the chap outside the Stock Exchange," said the broker, "who stands the best chance of forming an opinion. He doesn't get influenced by the look of things in here. We can't help being affected by the tendency of the House at the moment. And that 's always misleading."

"Nine times out of ten it is. Oh, yes; you needn't worry yourself about oil shares. They 're all right."

[Continued on page xiv.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

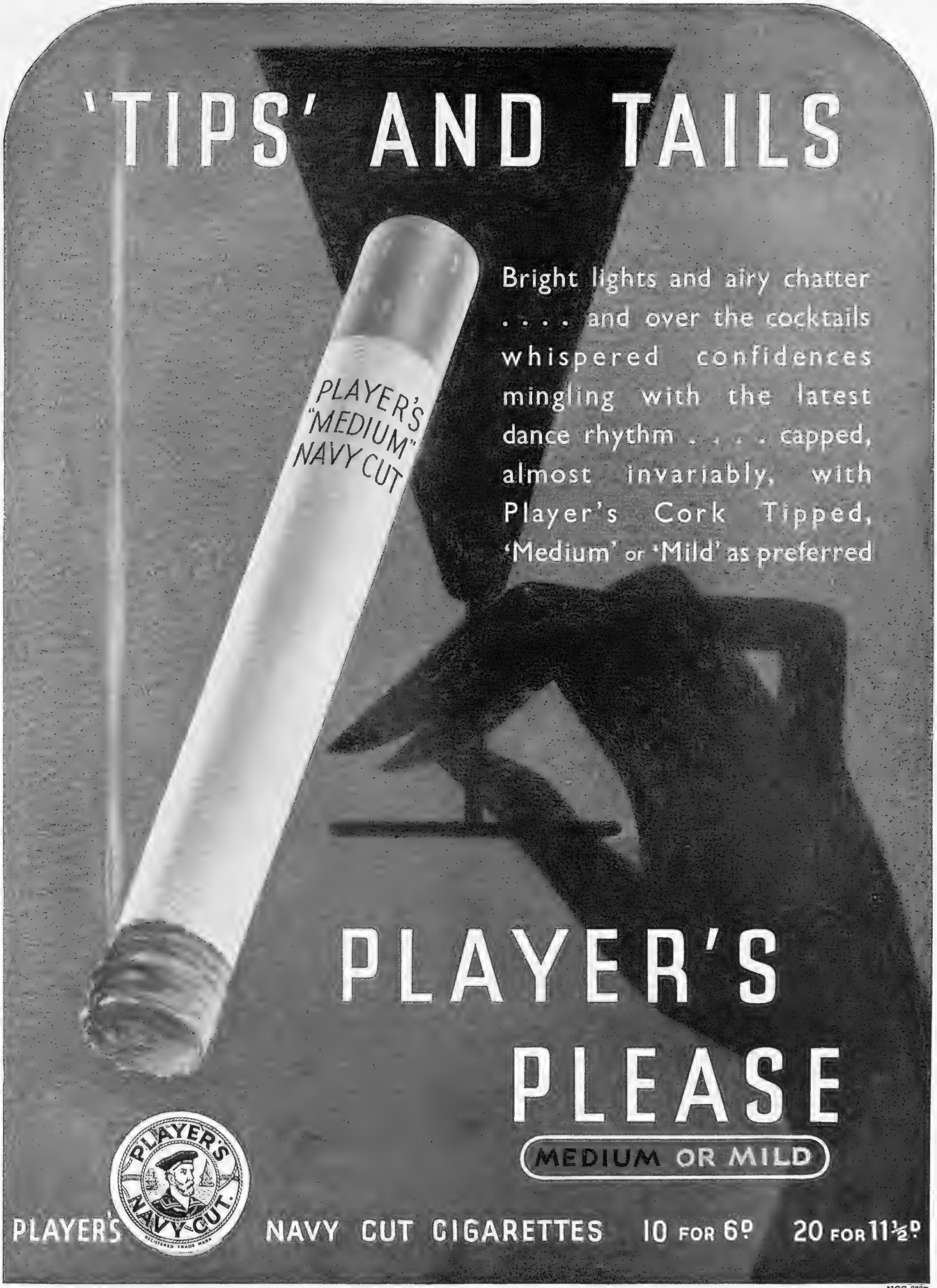


ACROSS

1. If the face-lifting proves disappointing, is this what the face does? (5).
6. Do they provide horses with names? (5).
9. About last month a remedy sounded a note of refinement (7).
10. Lid (5).
11. The veal you eat was once calf, but this is not so high (5).
12. Not the kind of lock the burglar picks (5).
13. Seemingly, the genuine part of a church points to no improvement (7).
16. In the soup (5).
19. 20 Across is taken with it (4).
20. Rescue a cap in disguise and dance with relish (two words, 5 and 5).
22. Remarkable in that it discloses a bird augury in a friend (10).
24. Sometimes useful when you have left the ship (4).
25. I 'm a long time in the form of a statue, but somebody 's double (5).
27. The new part of this foreign town is much altered (7).
31. In certain circumstances. this is the correct dress (5).
33. Begins all the commandments (5).
34. When you are, you surely look singular (5).
35. Embrace mostly, but altogether many times as much (7).
36. A Dickens name (5).
37. It occurs in 17 (5).

DOWN.

1. A great and sudden difficulty (5).
2. The kind of crossing we 'd like the steamer to adapt from the railway company (5).
3. Not much of a fight, apparently (5).
4. Railway worker—in the restaurant car? (hyphen, 5 and 5).
5. Remedy for a dog on a string (4).
6. Rash experience (7).
7. The truth without trimmings (5).
8. Kid that hasn't been too steady? (5).
14. The common mother's joint in an English town (7).
15. A suburb that contains no cat (5).
17. Surely no match for an angel (7).
18. Parting monkeys turn round to feed (10).
21. With this weapon an artist turns his back on a disturbance (5).
23. Not one over the eight, but indulged in another form of excess (7).
25. Run risk (5).
26. A complicated dream (5).
28. Means business (5).
29. Call up, but scarcely on the phone (5).
30. The waist, so to speak, of simple attire (5).
32. Tells you when to start eating, and when to stop (4).


'TIPS' AND TAILS
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
Bright lights and airy chatter . . . . and over the cocktails whispered confidences mingling with the latest dance rhythm . . . . capped, almost invariably, with Player's Cork Tipped, 'Medium' or 'Mild' as preferred
PLAYER'S PLEASE
MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

NCC 370D

For lips that never look old

THROUGH THE DAY USE TANGEE...WATCH THE BLUSH-ROSE SHADE OF YOUTH APPEAR

● Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle gives your lips the soft, *natural* glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to *you*. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of to-day." Tangee *isn't paint* and cannot give you a "painted look." Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Colour Change Principle. It will bring natural, lasting, *youthful* colour to your cheeks.

THROUGH THE NIGHT...TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE SOFTENS AND PROTECTS YOUR LIPS

● Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from peeling and drying in sun and wind. Tangee doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly tinted lips instead of a faded "morning look." Do not confuse Tangee Lipstick with ordinary cosmetics which beauty editors advise removing at bedtime. Try Tangee to-night! It comes in two sizes, 1/9 and 4/6.

Painted *GLARING* Lips — Tangee *GLOWING* Lips

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

If you prefer more colour for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take FULL advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact!

Luft-Tangee Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.1.

No longer need one marvel at her slender beauty, nor wonder how that flawless figure is preserved. Beneath the camera's all-disclosing eye her secret stands revealed. With a reputation to maintain for smartness, she entrusts the care of her figure to the subtle persuasion of a foundation by GOSSARD. There is a GOSSARD foundation to suit every conceivable figure. The model shown is No. 12001, a "B–GAY" All-in-One. It is a semi Step-in design with "Lightning" fastener. Sizes 32-40 (odd and even) **47/6.** Write to us for illustrated Brochure.

Gossard

NEW LINE OF BEAUTY

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An Elegant Evening Gown

In a dancing length, this lovely gown of satin backed crêpe has a softly cowled bodice, the lily motif embroidered in diamante.
Sizes: 42, 44 and 46 - - - **18½ Gns.**
Size 48 one guinea extra.
Model Gown Dept. First Floor.

Debenham&Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, W.1 *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

BREAST SUPPORTER

Beware of Harmful Substitutes WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT

The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER gives this correct improvement: must be worn day and night. GUARDS against CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS, and relieves PAIN immediately.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Copyright Reserved.

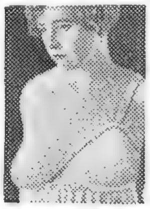
White material. For drooping, heavy figures, 38/6

Loose breasts 32/6

Pink Silk or Net, detachablestraps, from 52/6

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

FOR GIRLS AND EXPECTANT MOTHERS



WITHOUT & WITH

For small Figures only, in white fine material, 15/6

Very low back models, 63/-

PREVENT BREASTS from becoming HANGING and PAINFUL as shown in ILLUSTRATION. WEAR JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER which is an IDEAL UPLIFT.

LOW BACK, ETC., FOR BATHING, From 25/6

ALSO A NEW INVENTION for AMPUTATION

Breast Supporter with Pad. *Prices on application.*

HOSIERY, BATHING COSTUMES, ETC.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free Illustrated Circular. If not satisfactory, money returned in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

Post free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from—*

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32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone - - WELBECK 1249

An Exchange of Confidences

They say that women's conversation always starts with 'Oh, where did you get ....' And is it to be wondered at when you see Braemar underwear? It is really lovely to look at and delightful to wear. There are vests, panties and slimfit combinations that mould themselves into mere nothingness under the slimmest frocks. Braemar laceknit woollen underwear is so dainty that even modern misses, who used to dismiss doctor's orders with a tilt of their pretty noses, are going to boast that they wear Braemar next the skin. Ask to see the new Braemar Envelope Combination—it's a marvel of comfort. You can buy Braemar from 12/6 a garment. For other styles, with range of prices, write to makers (address below) for charming booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

BRAEMAR

UNDERWEAR

You can get Braemar at most good stores & shops

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., Hawick, Scotland; and at Axtell House, Warwick Street, W.1

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We occupy the grandest position in Torquay . . . at the water's edge and on the level. No hills to walk up for the "run-down." Torbay, one of Europe's grandest panoramas . . . at your feet.

We cater for autocrats and the active, for lords and the lazy, for Who's Who . . . for you. And the personal attention from Mr. Paul, our Manager, begins with your enquiry, continues for your comfort . . . and ends (who knows?) perhaps with the forwarding of some toilet-memento you have left behind as a token of the sadness of leaving. Here the season never ends for the active. Dancing nightly to Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band. Golf, tennis and squash free to residents. For your leisure a new Sun-lounge and for your pleasure an Escoffier-trained chef.

THE

GRAND

TORQUAY

Write or telephone: Torquay 2234.

"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR" when

CLIFF TIMMS

and his

SWINGTIMERS

play at

THE SIGNE OF 'THE GEORGE'

COLCHESTER

JUST A COUNTRY HOTEL

but

OH! BOY!!

Host MERVYN TREVOR will send you the story

A REAL PEARL NECKLET FOR FIVE GUINEAS

We are offering Real (Cultured) Pearl Necklets of fine quality and orient direct from the PEARL FISHERIES TO YOU, length 18 ins., including REAL DIAMOND CLASP for 5 GUINEAS. All necklets sold by us are comprised of genuine Oriental Pearls (Cultured), the product of the living Oyster. We are exclusive Pearl Specialists and hold a large stock of Important and Specimen Necklets at Investment Prices.

Selection sent upon request.

REAL (CULTURED) PEARL Co. LTD.

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DRESS WELL ON SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS—NO REFERENCES REQUIRED

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NO REFERENCES REQUIRED—We are the largest High Class Credit firm in Great Britain who give credit without any references whatever, even to Non-Householders.

VISIT OUR MAGNIFICENT SHOWROOMS for Fur-trimmed coats, day and evening gowns, suits. FURS & FUR COATS of quality, on small monthly payments.

Write for illustrated FUR Catalogue

DULCIE. Soft selected Squirrel trims this stylish coat in Bouclé cloth. Beautifully cut and finished. Lined Crêpe. In Navy or Black with Grey Squirrel, Brown with Sable dyed Squirrel. All sizes. Price 10½ gns.

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Perfect fitting by post guaranteed.

WRITE FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WINTER CATALOGUE TO DEPT. SK.—sent post free.

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20/- MONTHLY

Smartwear LTD

263-271, REGENT ST., OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1

BRIGHTON	BIRMINGHAM	NOTTINGHAM	SHEFFIELD	MANCHESTER
209, Western Rd.	76, Bull St.	8, South Parade	98, Pinstone St.	47, Deansgate

When your throat is tired, overstrained, tickly, suck an Allenburys Pastille They're delicious.

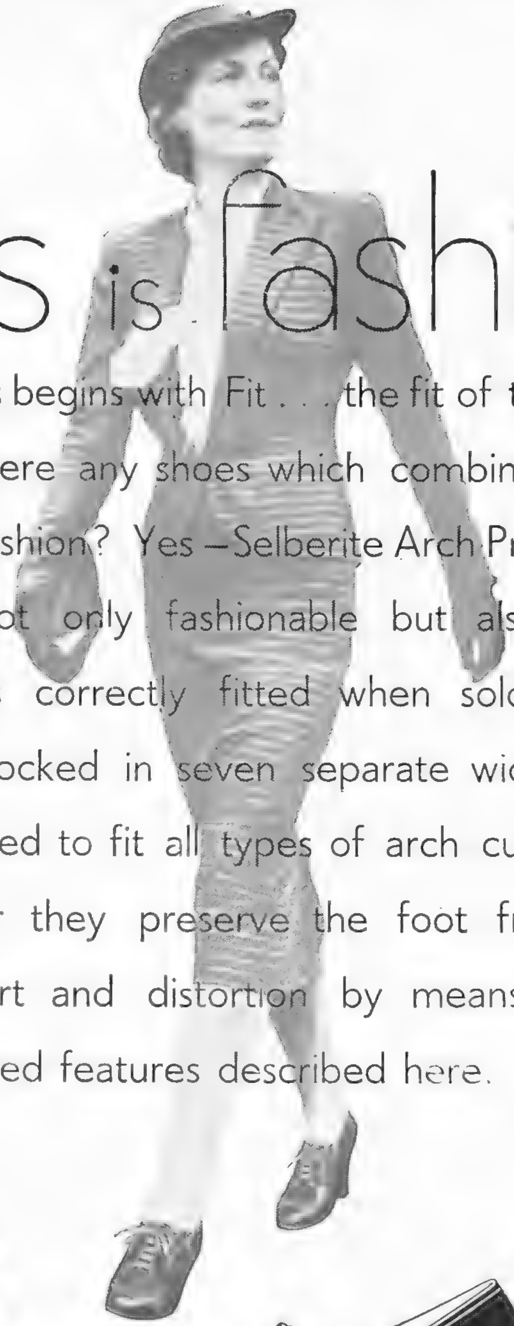
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

Allenburys GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT PASTILLES

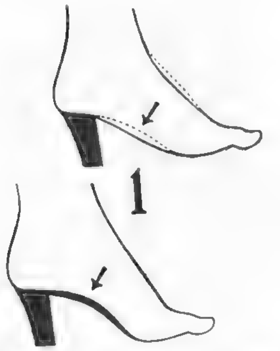
FOR YOUR **THROAT**

THE NATION REQUIRES PHYSICAL FITNESS . . . AND

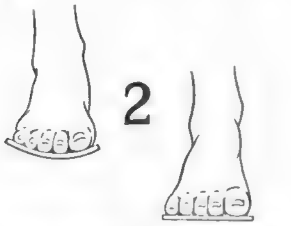
fitness is fashionable



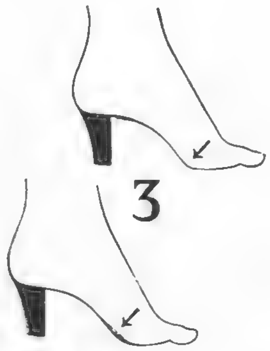
Fitness begins with Fit . . . the fit of the shoe. Are there any shoes which combine fitness with fashion? Yes—Selberite Arch Preservers are not only fashionable but also every pair is correctly fitted when sold. They are stocked in seven separate widths, are designed to fit all types of arch curve, and further they preserve the foot from discomfort and distortion by means of the patented features described here.



1. The modern high heel leaves the foot arch without support.
Selberite Arch Preservers put a strong invisible bridge under this vital arch.



2. The inner sole of most shoes is curved, squeezing toes and joints together. You walk in a trough.
The inner sole is flat in Selberite Arch Preservers. You walk as nature intended.



3. The raised heel throws your weight forward, putting an unnatural strain on the forward (or metatarsal) arch.
A scientifically placed pad in Selberite Arch Preservers relieves the strain at this point and prevents calluses, etc.

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

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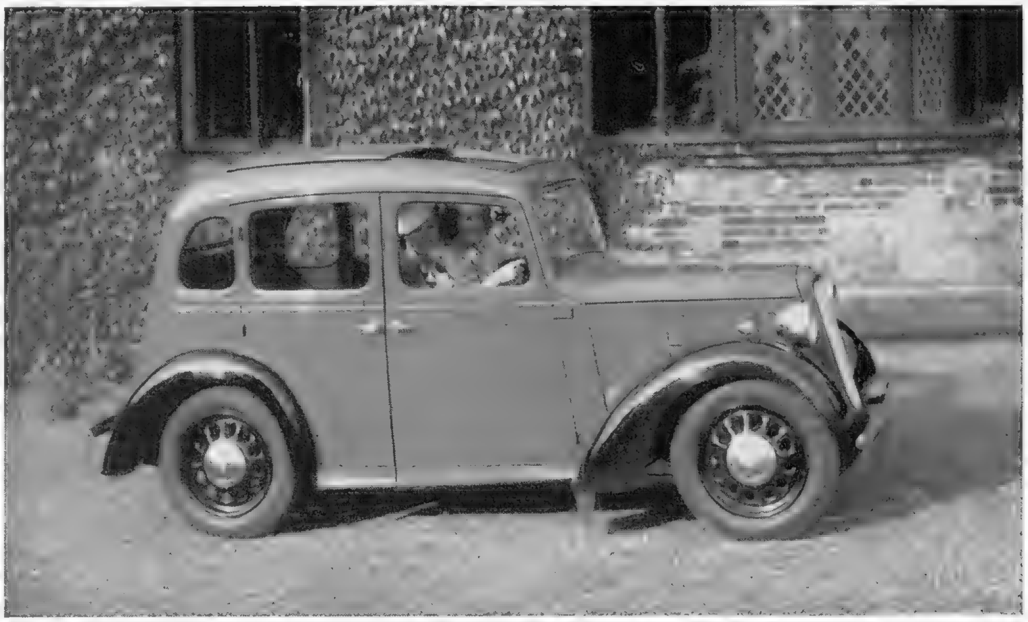
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. *(London Office)* **53, REGENT ARCADE HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1**

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

LET me say at once that I was quite charmed with the Austin "Big Seven." One is tempted to refer to it in affectionate terms as being, for instance, "a dear little car," but this might give the impression that it was no bigger than its elder brother, the normal Austin "Seven." This excellent model, by the way, is still very popular, and in full production, but the "Big Seven" is for those who want to carry four people with greater comfort than is possible in the original model.

Capable of about 57 miles an hour, and with an excellent point-to-point average both on top and third gear, the "Big Seven" is not a car of which one would readily tire. Its performance, indeed, compares very favourably with that of a much more powerful vehicle, and this, coupled with a degree of comfort unusual in so small a car, makes it a very pleasant model. The economical feature which made the original Austin "Seven" so popular is continued—an annual tax of only £6—although the engine has been increased from 747 c.c. to 900 c.c. The petrol consumption is in the region of 32 m.p.g. when driven hard, and from a standing start to 50 m.p.h. can be reached in just over 25 seconds. The chassis is, of course, altogether bigger than in the case of the earlier Austin "Seven," the wheelbase being longer and the track wider. Extra low-pressure tyres of 4·75-in. section have been added, with the result that the car rides smoothly over poor surfaces.



The AUSTIN NEW "BIG SEVEN," *discussed in the article on this page, is priced at £149 10s.*

I found the "Big Seven" Austin extremely handy for driving in and around London. Its compact dimensions enabled the driver to thread his way through dense traffic, and parking and garaging present no difficulties. Quite a fair amount of luggage can be carried, incidentally, on this car, for the lid of the rear locker, which contains the spare wheel, lets down to form a useful luggage platform. This means that four passengers can be taken on a long week-end trip without having baggage piled in on top of them. The bodywork is very well finished, both inside and out. The front seats are upholstered with "float - on - air" pneumatic cushions, and are of the chair type, so that one sits upright. The rear seats also are very comfortable, and sloping foot-rests are provided.

The engine is very powerful for its size, and quite quiet at all normal speeds. The pulling power is so good that the least amount of gear-changing is called for—less than is usual on the average car of this size. The design of the clutch is good, there

[*Continued overleaf.*

BY APPOINTMENT

THE SAFETY OF 'THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR'

SPORTS SALOON - £485

A point of vital interest in this interesting new Daimler '15' is its combination of power and liveliness with utter safety. The automatic brakes will stop the car in **30 feet from 30 m.p.h.** She holds the road like any racing car; on fast bends she behaves as though on rails — without roll or sway or slide. And no method of body construction has yet been invented that is safer than the Daimler principle of reinforcing special process steel with toughened wood. Daimler's own standards of comfort and taste have been wedded to a performance demanded by a new generation of motorists. The steering is feather-light yet positive. She floats serenely over worse surfaces than ever she is likely to meet.

Four lines of research — patient modification of a sound system of independent front wheel springing, long experiment with torsional sway control, distribution and re-distribution of weight and inter-axle seating — have resulted in undoubtedly 'the most interesting car of the year.'

- **Independent front wheel springing**
- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
- **Inter-axle seating. Positive steering**
- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**

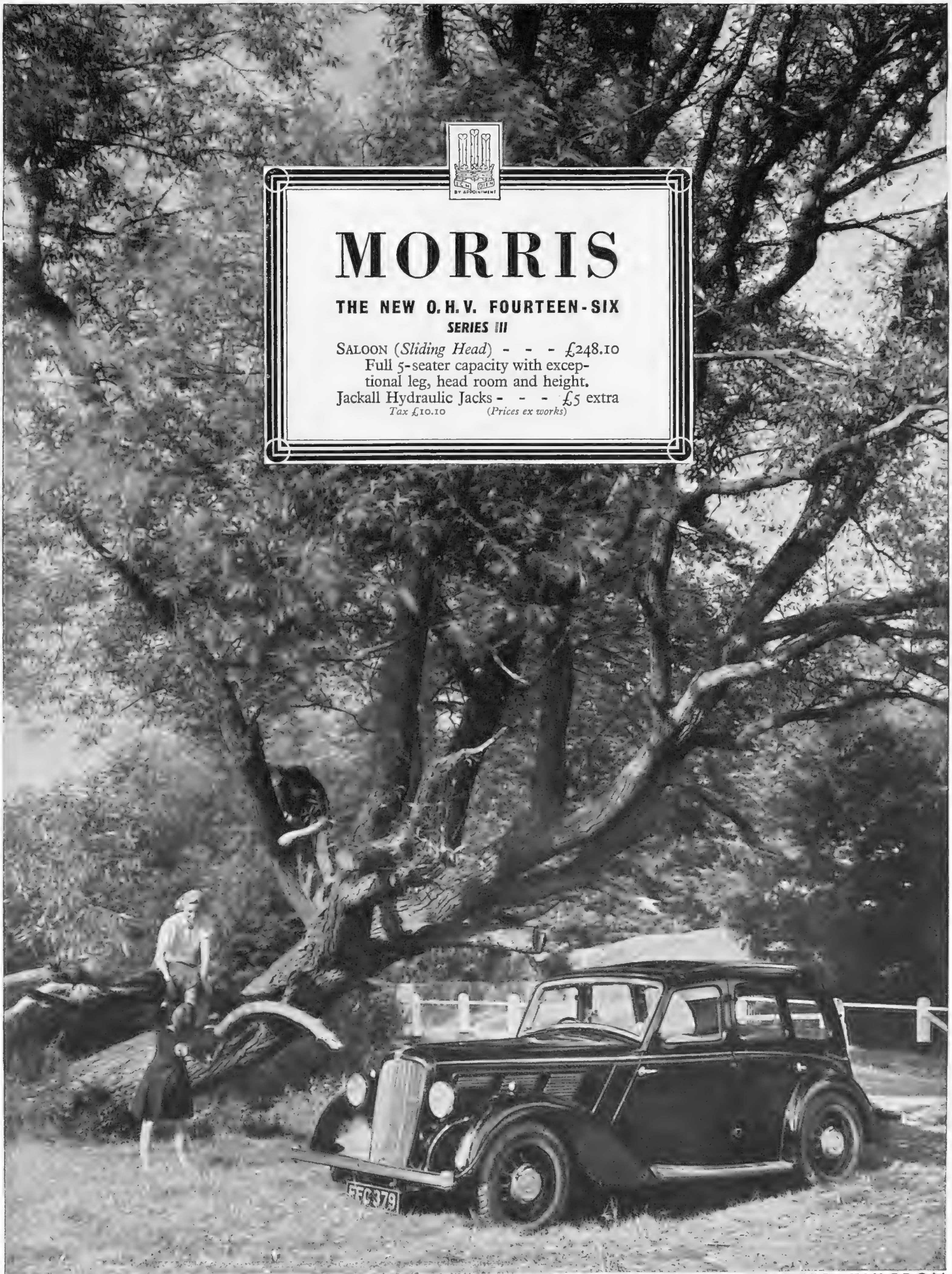
(Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents)

THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN' 15

(16.2 H.P.) SIX-LIGHT SALOON **£475**

See this car at your nearest distributor or write to THE DAIMLER CO. LTD., COVENTRY, *and arrange a trial.*

BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER



IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD *(Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England)* M.215

Continued.]

being quite a reasonable amount of travel for the pedal, and the likelihood of starting away with a jerk, as on the earlier " Sevens," is therefore remote. The synchromesh gear-box certainly does provide easy changing, which encourages the driver to give the

This motoring snapshot was taken near Faringdon, and shows a couple of tourists deciding where to go in their M.G. $1\frac{1}{2}$-LITRE FOLDING-HEAD FOURSOME.

engine an easier time by changing down when required. The steering is light—so light, indeed, that the driver has rather to concentrate when driving at the maximum speed; while the brakes are a great improvement on anything that has previously been fitted on the smaller " Sevens." At the price, £149 10s. in *de luxe* form, the Austin " Big Seven " represents good value and one of the most economical forms of motor transport yet produced.

TUNNELS UNDER LONDON.

If Sir Charles H. Brassey's scheme for two great tunnels under London materialises, a great deal of through traffic will be taken off our main surface thoroughfares. The idea is to construct a great tunnel from north to south which would automatically eliminate the need for a bridge over the Thames, and another from east to west, which would presumably pass north of the Thames. These tunnels would be very deep down, below the network of underground railways, sewers, and so forth, but anyone who has been through the Mersey tunnel will realise that with modern systems of ventilation, tunnels are not at all disagreeable to drive through.

The question of access to these tunnels is intriguing, for presumably they will be reached from the surface in the Central London area. One pictures an intricate clover-leaf junction where the north-south and the east-west cross in the stiff clay beneath London. It will apparently take thirty years to complete the scheme, by which time our authorities may have become sufficiently advanced to do as they do in America, and insist upon a *minimum* speed of at least 30 m.p.h. through the tunnels.

The new HUMBER " SNIPE " SALOON *is low-built and exceedingly stylish and dignified in appearance, with its long, sweeping " line," beautifully moulded curves and shapely wings. It has an R.A.C. rating of 20 h.p., and is taxed at £15. At the price of £345, it represents remarkable value for money. With luxurious interior appointments, and incorporating the " Evenkeel " independent front-wheel suspension, this model sets an entirely new standard in restful and comfortable motoring at a moderate cost.*

"Snug as a Motoluxe Rug"

There is an air of quiet dignity . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe motor rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery.

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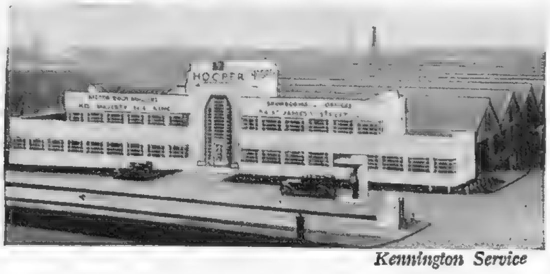

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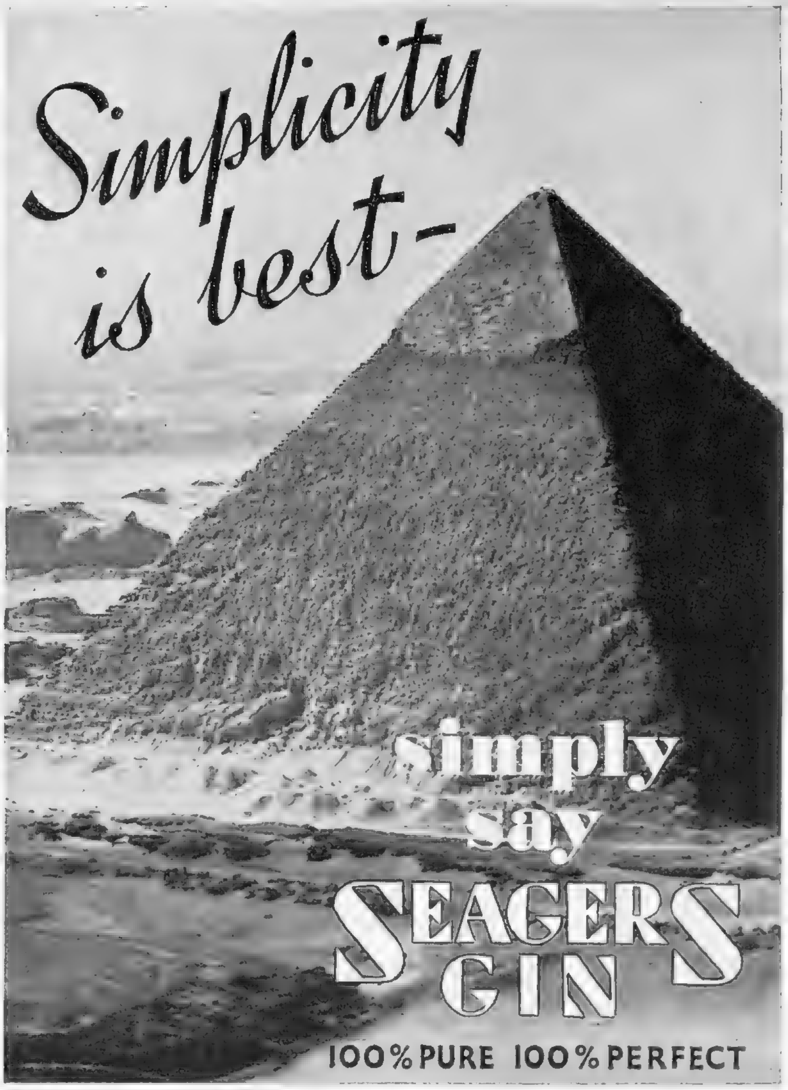

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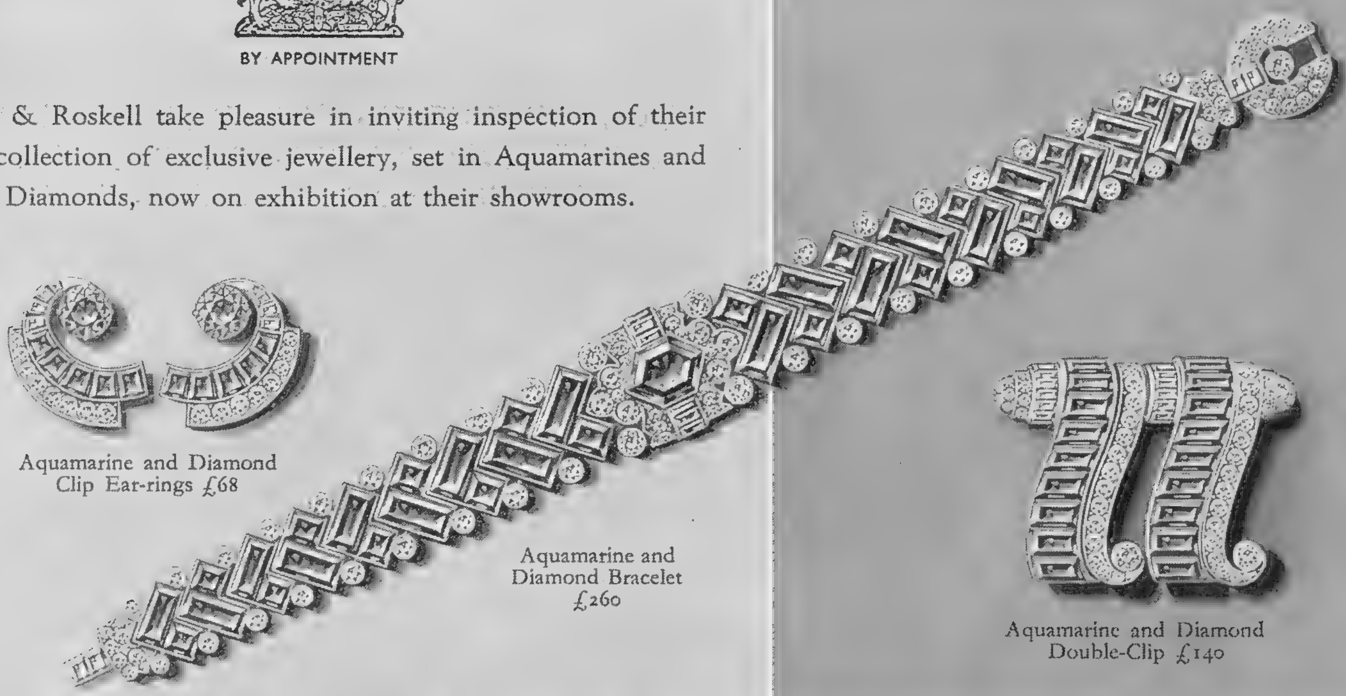

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXIV.

A SPECTACULAR BID.

THE England *v.* Austria bridge match is in full swing as these notes are being written. The match is held under the auspices of the British Bridge League, and I am sure the first thing to say about it is a word of praise for A. E. Manning Foster, the President of the League, for the excellent manner in which these matches are organised. I was present at the opening session, and everything went with a swing, the various details perfectly carried out, and so, for what I daresay is rather a thankless task, Mr. Manning Foster deserves the gratitude of all contract players. Next, let me say a word in favour of the spirit with which the game is being played: the sportsmanship of the following little incident was very marked. Austria made an opening bid of one club, and the bidder immediately turned to his English opponent on his left and said: "I must explain this is a forcing bid." His partner bid one no-trump, when original bidder bid two clubs. His English opponent now said: "Is that a sign-off?" "Oh, no," said the Austrian, "far from it."

Now I confess I do not know the etiquette, or the rights and wrongs of such matters in an international Championship match: I mean, whether *after* the match has started, a player is bound to, or even supposed to, explain the meaning of any bid made, but be that as it may, I thought it a charming gesture on the part of this Austrian player to *volunteer* such information. I will not mention the player's name, for I am sure each one of the Austrian team would have done the same thing under the same conditions. (Incidentally, I have never seen a gesture of this kind made at rubber bridge in a club.)

Now for a little captious criticism. I take it these championships are exhibition games, that is they are played for the entertainment and instruction of the bridge-playing public. In this connection, the game seemed to misfire in spots: for instance, in one room the umpire repeated each and every bid made, so that all spectators could hear how the bidding proceeded; that is as it should be; but in the other room, the onlookers were left to guess what was going on, unless they had very keen ears and were standing close behind the operators, and that, I think, was a pity. Again, surely the great interest to onlookers is to see what the player he is sitting behind holds in the shape of cards, and then listen to how he bids them. Now, in this business the Austrians were splendid: each one "fanned-out" his cards so that every pip could be seen by perhaps half the room; but some of the English players held theirs closer. The next thing I must point out is the lack of pace both in bidding and in the play. These players are champions, and well accustomed to match play, and I must be forgiven if I say that the interminable (as it seems) delay between bids and playing or leading is absurd, and what is worse, it is extremely boring to the onlookers. One English player, on a hand that contained a simple and obvious slam-demand bid, took about three minutes to make up his mind to make that bid; the hand was eventually played in seven spades, which was a lay-down. In one room, the Austrian players had been asked to get a move on, as the game was five minutes behind the other room. The Austrians said they would try, and then the very next hand produced a spectacular bid, thus: Austria (B) dealt, and the bidding went—B, one spade, Z, no bid, A, two hearts, Y, no bid; B, two spades, Z, no bid, A, three clubs, Y, no bid; B, three spades, Z, no bid, A, four diamonds, Y, double! B, no bid, Z, no bid, A, six clubs!; end. What the idea of doubling four diamonds was I don't know, unless it was a shot at keeping Austria out of a slam bid. A's four diamonds, of course, was a cue or demand bid; he (A), no doubt, was looking for a grand slam; but the jump to six clubs was a spectacular affair, when you come to think that his partner had only been able to repeat his spade bidding. Well, that bidding did not take too long, and here are the hands (I can guarantee A's holding, and B's was substantially as given)—

Spades—x.	Y	Spades—A, K, Q, Kn, x.
Hearts—A, K, x, x, x. A		B Hearts—x, x.
Clubs—A, Q, Kn, x, x.		Clubs—K, x.
Diamonds—A, x.	Z	Diamonds—10, x, x, x.

But, oh! the play! Y led the king of diamonds, and A was not long in putting up his ace; but after that I thought he never would play again. The combination looks to me a lay-down grand slam, unless there are five trumps to the ten in one hand, and then the contract is down the river anyway. But at long last A did lead a small trump, won with the king, led the trump back from dummy, and then did show his cards for the grand slam.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, NOV. 3.

Across.—1. Blackguard. 9. Dodo. 10. Gorgonzola. 11. Brag. 12. Tints. 15. Drops. 18. Singe. 19. Outlast. 20. Acton. 21. Avail. 22. Gunboat. 23. Heels. 24. Endow. 25. Hewed. 28. Duck. 31. Nightmares. 32. Even. 33. Dark Horses.

Down.—2. Loom. 3 Cage. 4. Genet. 5. Acorn. 6. Draws. 7. Four-in-hand. 8. Longfellow. 13. Intense. 14. Tearose. 15. Death Adder. 16. Outreaches. 17. Songs. 18. State. 25. Honed. 26. Wager. 27. Dutch. 29. Fair. 30. Mere.

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Suède again, this time semi-circular, smooth surfaced with bone zipp fastener, purse, mirror and attractive handles. Black or nigger . . 54/6

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LONDON, W.1 Regent 1501

CITY NOTES.—(Continued from page 288.)

"I'm told that there's a good chance of tea shares going better pretty soon," said Our Stroller.

"Who's your authority?" his broker asked.

"As a matter of fact, it came in an air-mail letter last week from India. A man I know out there wrote and told me to have a few tea shares for myself."

"Wonder whether he knew anything. The worst of tea is that the market's so limited. I like something where there's more elbow-room, don't you?"

"Yes, but that cuts both ways," his partner replied. "In a narrow market, prices can go up much more quickly, if there's any demand, than they would in a free market. They can come down equally fast, I grant you. But because a market is narrow, that's no valid reason why you should keep out of it."

"You speak from the point of view of the investor," assumed Our Stroller.

"Primarily, of course. Excuse me, please," and he opened a telegram.

"What," he asked with a sigh, "would you do with a thing like that?"

Our Stroller read it aloud: "'Put five hundred into Kaffir dividend-payers your discretion selection and when.'"

The broker took it in both hands.

"Well," he commented, "I should act on it. You know best; he's your friend. But I should do it."

"What shall I buy him?"

"Go for the good ones; I should. He will get 8 per cent. on his money from Springs and 9 from Sub Nigel. Rob. Deep B give you nearly 9 per cent."

"Do you remember what Crown Mines yield?"

"About 8 per cent., isn't it? Brakpans pay, roughly, 6 per cent. Why not write him a letter, and give him the lives of the mines, so that he can choose for himself?"

"His wire leaves it to me. And he wouldn't have telegraphed if he hadn't thought it might be well to pick up the shares to-day."

"There's not so much hurry as all that. And I would throw in a few Sallies. They're good things, you know."

"That's a developing mine. My man wants dividend-payers."

"So he does. Sorry. I forgot that for the moment. We'll leave you to it," and he turned away into the Yankee Market.

There was the regular noisy crowd of dealers in the popular favourites.

"Some people talk," said the broker, "of hundreds of speculators being frozen out in the last slump. Business as usual, it seems to me. I dare say this country took a few nasty tosses, but they must be negligible by comparison with what the Americans suffered."

"My Opposite Number in New York," said an arbitrage merchant, half-turning, "tells me that people over there lost as much in the latest crash as they did in 'Thirty-Two."

"Doesn't seem likely," the broker commented. "I should doubt it, remembering what I do of five years back."

"It doesn't sound too probable to me, but the recent losses must have been pretty colossal, all the same."

"Makes you rather wonder whether the Major Movement has definitely set in, doesn't it? I'm convinced that we shall see Yankees a lot higher, but perhaps not so soon as some people expect."

"The trouble is," another broker considered, "that Roosevelt has completely destroyed confidence among the still-rich in the United States. Just think of their taxes!"

"Federal and State taxes, aren't there?"

"Yes, and the two combined come to 86 per cent. of a wealthy man's income. It takes away incentive to develop business on any large scale."

Our Stroller and his broker were being edged round the market until they stood close to the War Memorial, designed by Sir Aston Webb when he was P.R.A., and carried out by Sir Thomas Brock. It cost £20,000.

"The Managers lay a large laurel wreath just there," the broker pointed out, "on Armistice Day—a wreath with a bunch of poppies on it. Did you notice that last year's Poppy Day collection came to £544,000?"

"I hope," said Our Stroller very heartily, "it will be still greater this time."

And from the adjacent impromptu choir, in conclusion of their favourite hymn, came a beautifully harmonised "Amen!"

Friday, Nov. 5, 1937.

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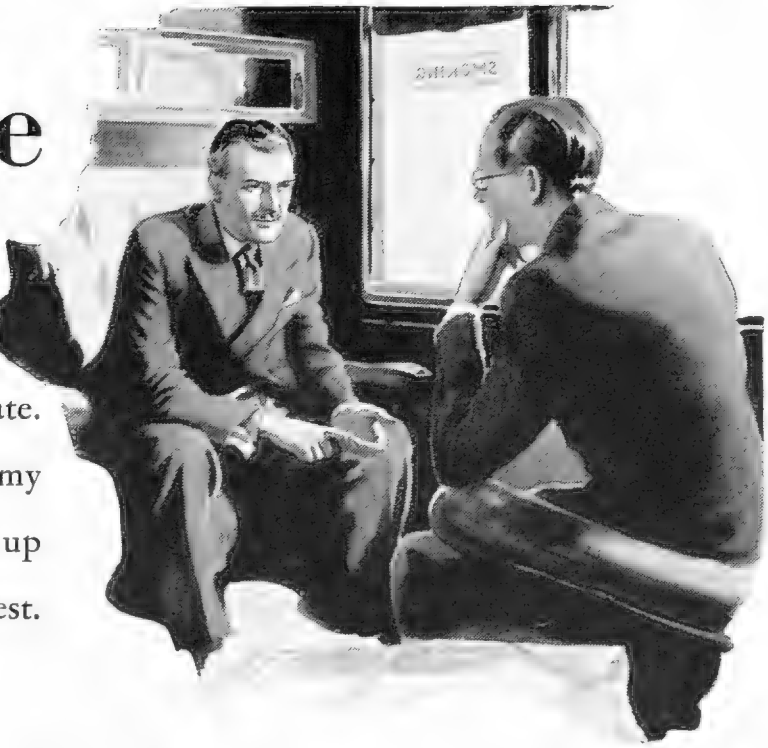
"I may be difficult . . .



I've reached an age when it pays to discriminate. When one's younger it's rather different; but at my time of life I'd rather do without than put up with second best.

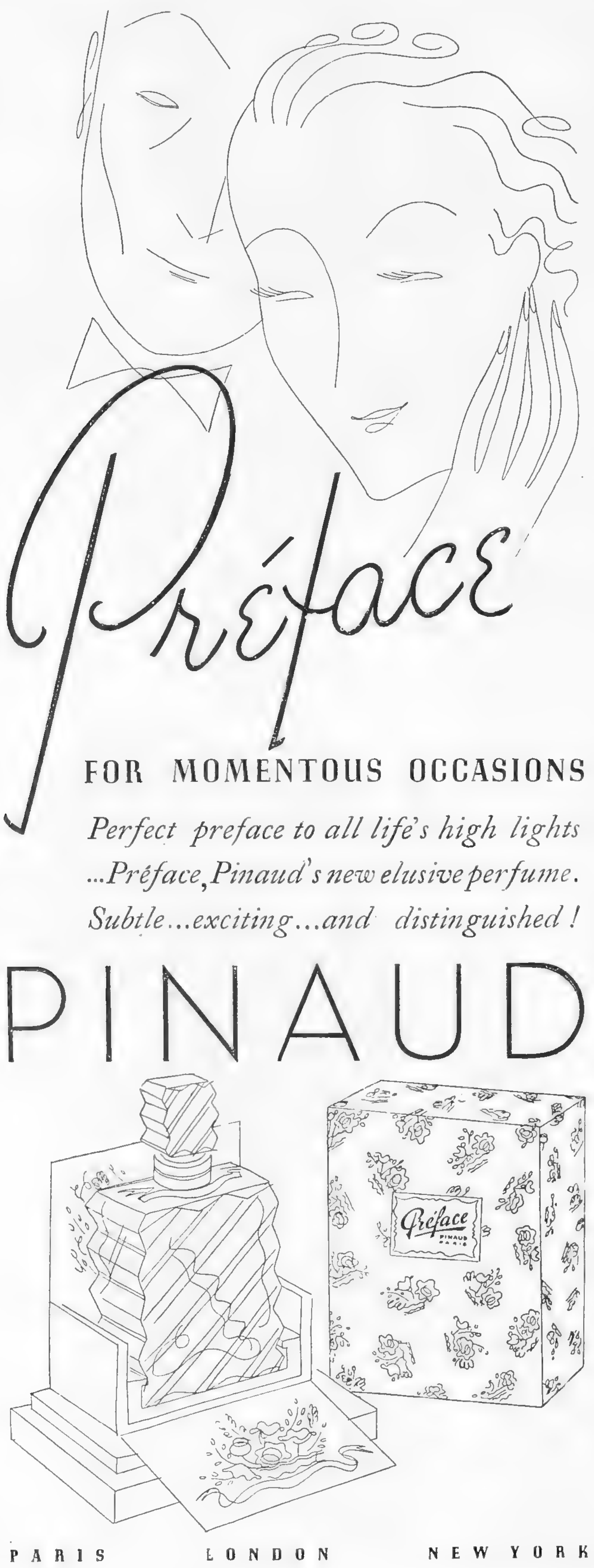
For instance, I like oysters; but oysters to me mean Imperial Natives . . I'm fond of a cold grouse for luncheon . . but it must be perfectly hung . . you follow me?

And it's the same thing with whisky. I may seem difficult; but when I can get a whisky that's as soft and smooth as a fine liqueur, do you blame me if I always insist on White Horse?"

WHITE HORSE Whisky

Screw-cap flasks on sale everywhere

You can tell it blindfold!



THE COLONEL HAS A GOOD WIN.

(*Continued from page 256.*)

"Well," said the American, "by the time I have explained my fancies to you and you have explained your fancies to me, we 'll get so bothered that we won't know what is which. Let 's have no particular fancies at all."

In the meantime, the opponents had the deal, and it produced one of those impossible results that are possible only at bridge. The dealer opened the bidding on a nice sort of hand, but later became a little gay and set himself a contract of three no-trumps. This even the Colonel took the liberty of doubling, and the cards going anyhow, the declarer made exactly two tricks, a nice seven down—1300 to the Colonel's side.

"Now how do we go?" said the Colonel's partner. "Not too bad, eh?"

"Extraordinary how well the cards went for us," said the Colonel.

"But remember the circumstances," said his partner.

"What circumstances?"

"Why, that I am playing with a dud—I mean a player who is off his luck, and gets no cards."

The next hand, however, the Colonel showed up in his old style. Opponents ran out an easy game.

"Time we got busy," said the American. And busy they did get by making a small slam on the next deal, but unfortunately failed to bid it.

"Pity!" said the American. "One little push from you, and I 'd have been slamming. Don't be backward, Colonel—spread yourself—let yourself go and take a chance on things."

"I 'm not generally considered backward in my bidding," said the Colonel.

"I 'm sure you 're not in a general way. You 're no stone-waller. But in the circumstances, hit the bidding up good and strong. Don't be afraid. Think of your fairy godmother—or father."

But the Colonel didn't believe in fairies—not at bridge. Anyhow, he had his eye on that nice 1300, and had no intention of squaring off that score by "letting himself go" on the bidding.

Then the rubber game started; the Colonel's opponents made a couple of unlucky contracts, and lost 500 on each. When the Colonel dealt, he found himself with a strong, probable game hand at hearts, which he bid. His partner, the American, bid one no-trump, and the Colonel replied with two diamonds. Three spades from his partner, four spades by the Colonel. "*Seven* spades," said the American! The bid was doubled; the American looked carefully through his cards and said: "No; I don't redouble. I 'll give you gentlemen a chance."

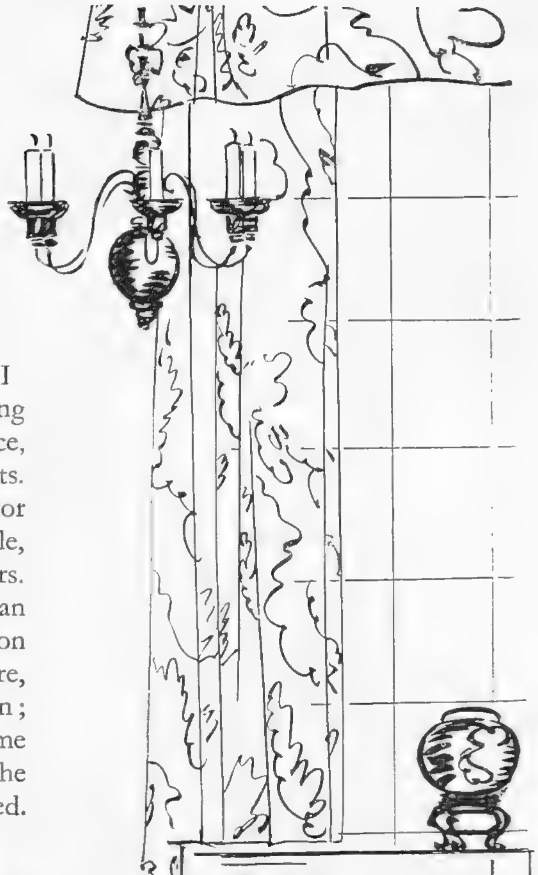
And now the Colonel had the greatest shock of his life. The opponent who had doubled led the *ace* of hearts! The Colonel stared, looked at his hand, and saw his ace of hearts fade out and fade into the ace of diamonds. Full of apologies, he put his cards down. "I *am* sorry," he said. "I ought to be shot. I thought that ace of diamonds was the ace of hearts. What can I say?"

"Nothing," said his partner, "except that from now on you 'll believe in fairies! You see," he went on, as he trumped the ace of hearts, "I don't hold that suit at all. I played up for slam, sensing that on your bidding you should hold the ace of diamonds, the only card I want. And now, gentlemen, I can spread my cards for the grand."

Well, that was rubber—a matter of 1300, two lots of 500, a little 60, 1500 and 500 for the rubber—total 3860 on top; and 540 below; and deduct 120 for opponents' game, and you 'll find a rubber of 3880 points! The Colonel couldn't make it out; he kept wondering how much this came to in money, but every time he made a calculation, he got a different result, and, funnily enough, none of the other players had anything to say about it; even the American had suddenly gone dumb; he tried the score-sheet again, but now he could make nothing of it at all—the figures were altered. Finally he said: "What do you fellows make it?" By way of an answer he heard: "Oh, for goodness sake, Colonel, shut that dreadful noise." He blinked and woke up! So it was a dream. "What else could it be but a dream?" the Colonel thought to himself. "Nothing like that could happen to me except in a dream." Perhaps the whole evening's play had been a dream. He looked inside his pocket-book, and there found definite proof that it was only the last rubber that was a dream; the others were real enough. "Well, anyhow," the Colonel thought, "there 's some satisfaction in knowing that I did not actually mistake the ace of diamonds for the ace of hearts." [THE END.]

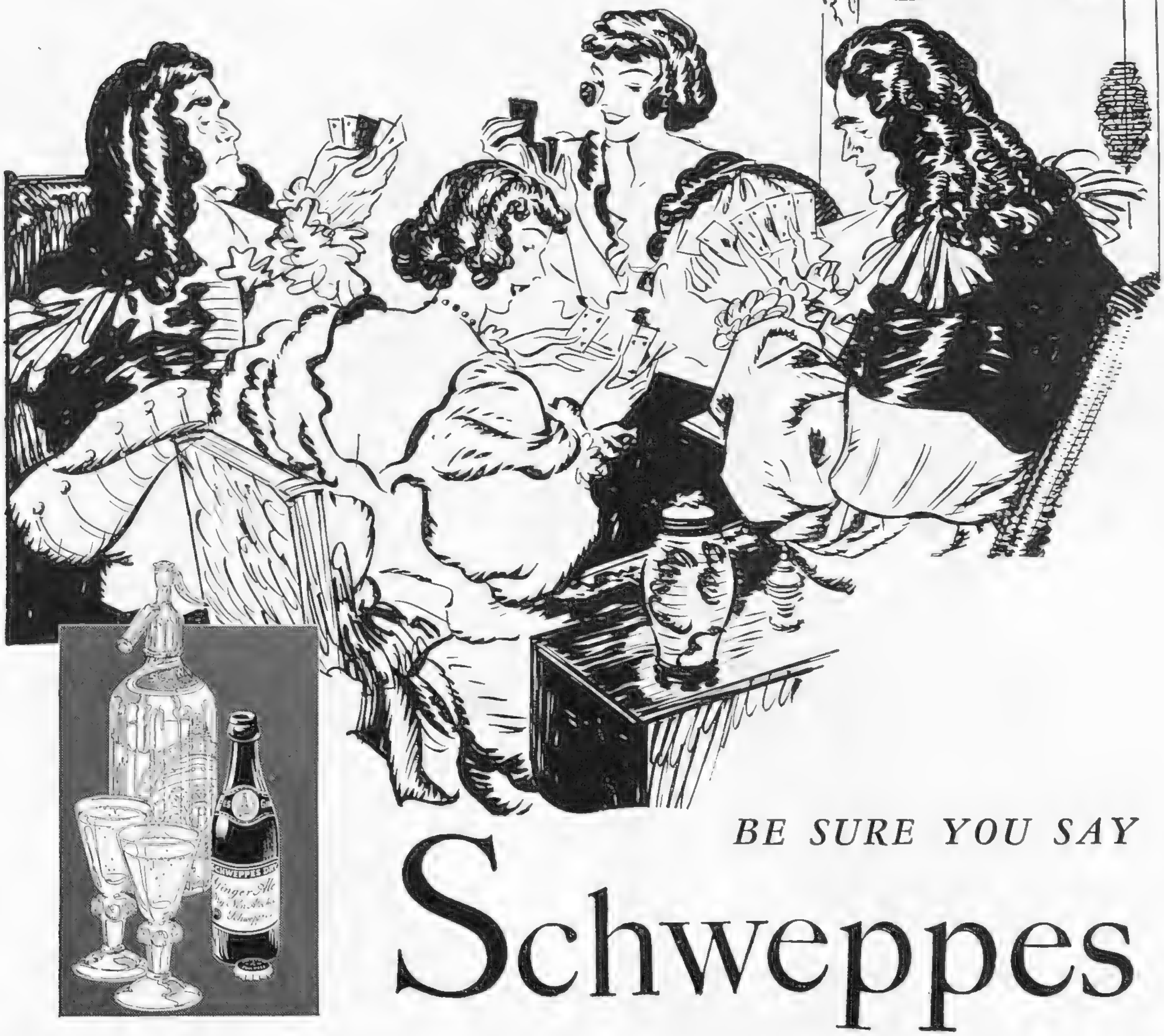
In our Issue of Oct. 13, in connection with a page of photographs of three concurrently running plays by J. B. Priestley, we stated that that enterprising theatre, the Bradford Civic Playhouse, had given the première production of his "I 'm a Stranger Here," for one night only. This was an error. Actually, the piece ran for a fortnight and played to packed houses for fourteen performances.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION



OCT. 30TH

After dinner come Dr. Barlow and his wife to play at Contract Bridge. Mrs. Barlow very full of the latest West End success; but I could wish that she had kept her mind to card-playing more and to play-acting less, since she revoked twice, whereat I did assume soft smiles to hide my harsh thoughts. Thereafter, I having proposed drinks and the Doctor choosing Whisky and Soda and the ladies Ginger Ale, I fell to talking upon the Art of choosing Table Waters. In which the Doctor and I agreed well: viz., that a man of true and tried palate knows there be as true distinction in Table Waters as in Wines or Ales. Furthermore, that Schweppes have some cunning and close tradition; some secret way of winning that brave tang and livesome sparkle which at once please the tongue and placate the throat. Afterwards, two more rubbers and so to bed.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from page 284*).

that stolen fish will make them ill; he mollifies Colonel Stanley; he persuades his relations and his neighbours to lend him furniture for Castle Bran. He makes his magnetic influence felt in the most unexpected quarters. . . . In short, he is a charmer, or represented as such. Personally, I did not find him very attractive. His conversation, though spirited, is often facetious and not always in good taste. "She 's got a husband" (he observes of Miss Bosanquet); "her third, I understand. Apparently she drew blanks in the lucky dip for soul-mates on the first two occasions." One quickly tires of this kind of pleasantry, and Tim gives us a good deal of it. I much prefer the unconscious humour of the rustics, which is often delicious, and accords better with the landscape than Tim's smart urban witticisms. The other leading characters in the story are drawn with gusto, but without the originality and finish that marked "Long Vacation," while Miss Bosanquet's parents, who spend one uneasy night at Castle Bran, are merely caricatures. The construction, too, is rather wobbly; one feels that Lady Tegart invented the episodes separately and fitted them together into a story without realising what the eventual shape would be. The whole thing, though entertaining enough in its way, is decidedly less of an achievement than was its predecessor.

"Sally Bowles." To some extent, too, I was disappointed with "Sally Bowles," Mr. Christopher Isherwood's new experiment in the *conte*. One expects a good deal of this subtle, lively, attractive author, whose Muse frequents rather shady company but without losing her grace and poise. "Sally Bowles" is a story of Berlin before the Nazi régime had clipped the wings of its gaiety. Sally herself is a *demi-mondaine* in the making, unsophisticated in the management of her affairs and pathetically boastful and ingenuous about them. She regretfully confides to the narrator that she cannot fall in love with him, nor does he wish her to; but he takes a benevolent interest in her and gives her the benefit of his advice. The trouble is that she is almost too silly for us to take her and her problems seriously; and when at the end Mr. Isherwood sounds a slightly emotional note, requiring of the reader some faint response—a shrug, a sigh, hardly a tear—we cannot accord it. At least, I couldn't. On the other hand, the story is told with triumphant simplicity and skill; its sly humour is a perpetual refreshment; and it is full of sketches and impressions that leave a mark, for all their slightness—

> He had about him that sad American air of vagueness which is always attractive; doubly attractive in one who possessed so much money. He was vague, wistful, a bit lost: dimly anxious to have a good time but uncertain how to set about getting it. He seemed never to be quite sure whether he was really enjoying himself, whether what we were doing was *really* fun. He had constantly to be reassured. *Was* this the genuine article? *Was* this the real, guaranteed height of a Good Time? It was? Yes, yes, of course—it was marvellous! It was great! Ha, ha, ha! His big, schoolboyish laughter rolled out, re-echoed, became rather forced and died away abruptly on that puzzled note of enquiry.

How clearly one sees him; how well one feels one knows him! Mr. Isherwood is a master of these lightning glimpses; but the separate "shots" do not combine to make a story of much weight or value: it is as though we had the fragrance of the author's talent without the substance.

"Hear the Bugle." The Army makes excellent material for a novelist, because it is a world within a world; unlike most other professions, it occupies a man's entire being, the whole range of his activities. And a woman's, too, to judge by Miss Leonora Starr's account of military life at Moordown Camp. Feelings rise higher, drama develops more quickly when people are confined by circumstances to one place, one occupation, one daily round, one set of acquaintances. Had Gilbert Yardley, Lyndall's husband, not been an officer in the Army, his faults (*e.g.*, swank, lack of consideration for others, intense egotism and selfishness) would have been less apparent, and she would have had, perhaps, no compunction about divorcing him. As it was . . . And another advantage—or at any rate simplification—which Army life gives the novelist is that any important development affects everyone alike, from General to private. When the time for the manœuvres approached—

> Advance parties had been despatched to pitch the camps, adjutants wore puckered brows, quartermasters hurried here and there with harassed expressions, telephones rang unceasingly in orderly rooms, tempers were short, dispatch riders on motor-bikes flashed up and down the road to Sussex, the local reporter hovered about hopefully, seeking what news he might pick up, officers' wives looked out their oldest

[*Continued overleaf.*

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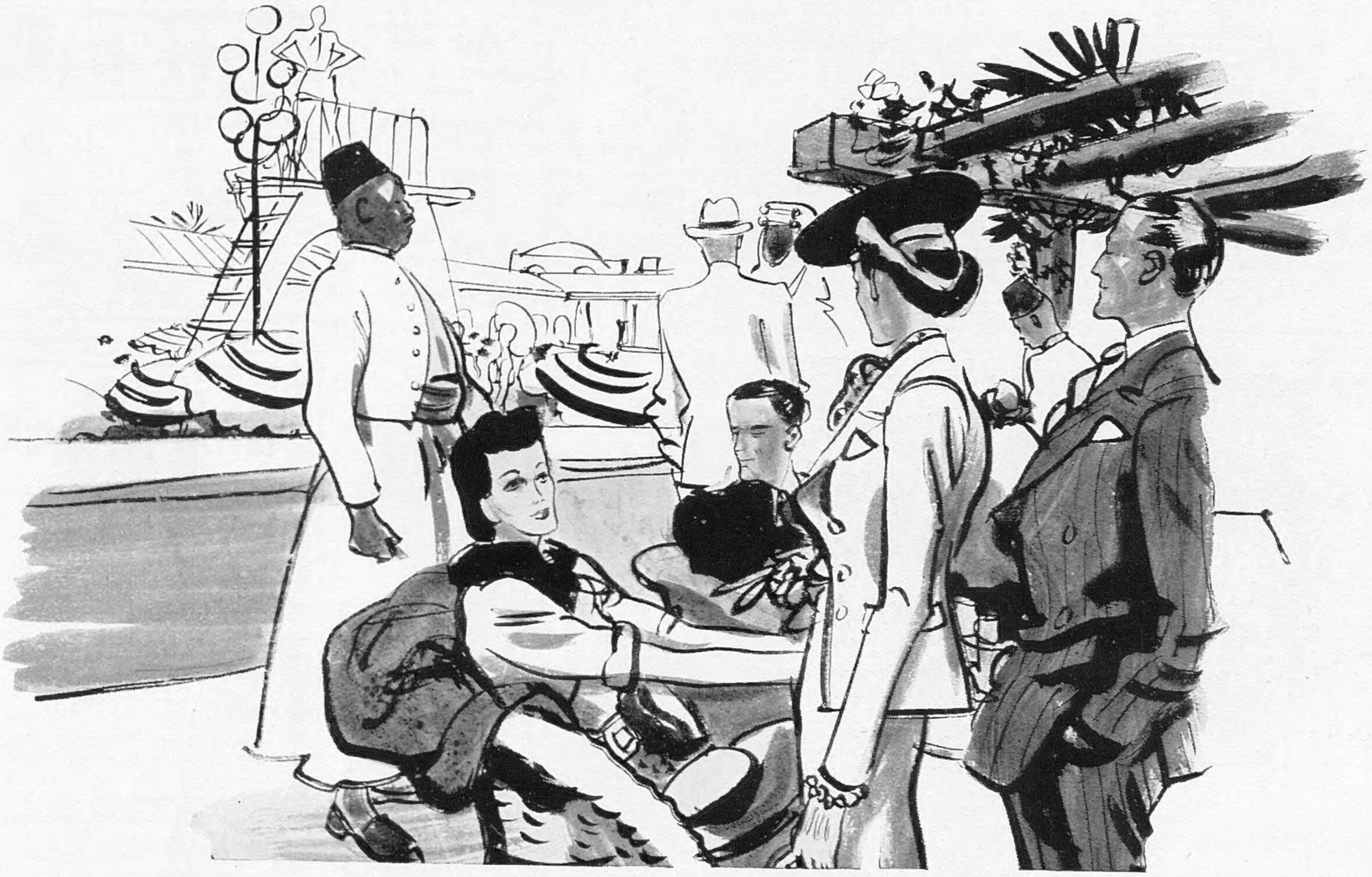

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4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istanbul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. 6½ days.

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Continued.]

blankets and most-mended sheets and pillow-cases for their departing spouses, and stood over flustered soldier servants as they rolled up the green canvas valises, sternly enjoining them to be sure the Captain didn't sleep in damp bedding, or to see that the Major's indigestion tablets were kept beside his washing things, in case he wanted them.

When the kaleidoscope moves, it all moves at once, and with a recognisable pattern. To this pattern Miss Starr is exceedingly sensitive. If her analysis and presentation of individual lives is slightly commonplace, her feeling for the movement of masses, for the common spirit that animates the whole camp, for the details of occupation, recreation, and routine that keep the machine going, is delicate and sure.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Marriage Broker. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. *(Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)*
Castle Bran. By K. E. Tegart. *(Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)*
Sally Bowles. By Christopher Isherwood. *(Hogarth Press; 3s. 6d.)*
Hear the Bugle. By Leonora Starr. *(Bell; 7s. 6d.)*

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PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge at their scintillating best.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—Gladys Cooper's brilliant performance in a play of tragedy.

"RHAPSODY ON ICE" (Covent Garden). 6.15 and 9.—Ballet on skates, with Maria Belita.

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A big musical spectacle.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a quadrangular drama.

"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—Brilliant ice spectacle, with gold medallist performers.

"THE LAST STRAW" (Comedy). 8.30.—A man-in-a-trunk thriller. Fine acting by Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real-life drama vividly reconstructed.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" (Curzon).—Sacha Guitry's tri-lingual historical romance.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in an impressive chronicle of a great reign.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" (Odeon, Leicester Square).—Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in a finely-staged adaptation of the famous novel.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE SQUEAKER" (London Pavilion).—Edmund Lowe and Ann Todd in an Edgar Wallace detective drama.

"OH, MR. PORTER" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—The hilarious adventures of a stationmaster, starring Will Hay.

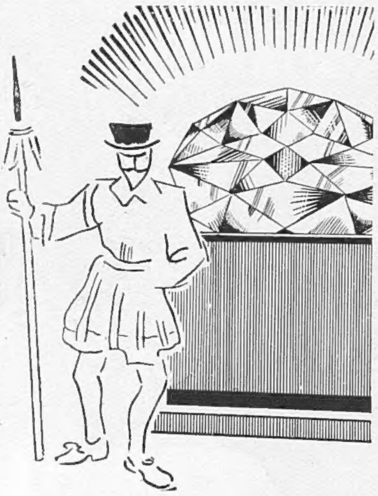
"EBB TIDE" (Plaza).—Fine Technicolor treatment in a tale of the South Seas.

"NITCHEVO" (Berkeley).—Harry Baur in a French submarine drama.

"STELLA DALLAS" (Regal).—A famous "mother-love" story with Barbara Stanwyck in the title-rôle.

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" (Tivoli).—Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in a comedy-romance set in Switzerland.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.



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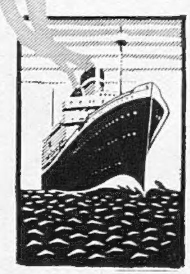

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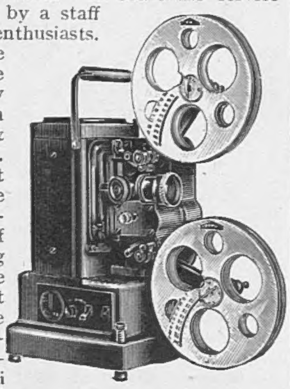

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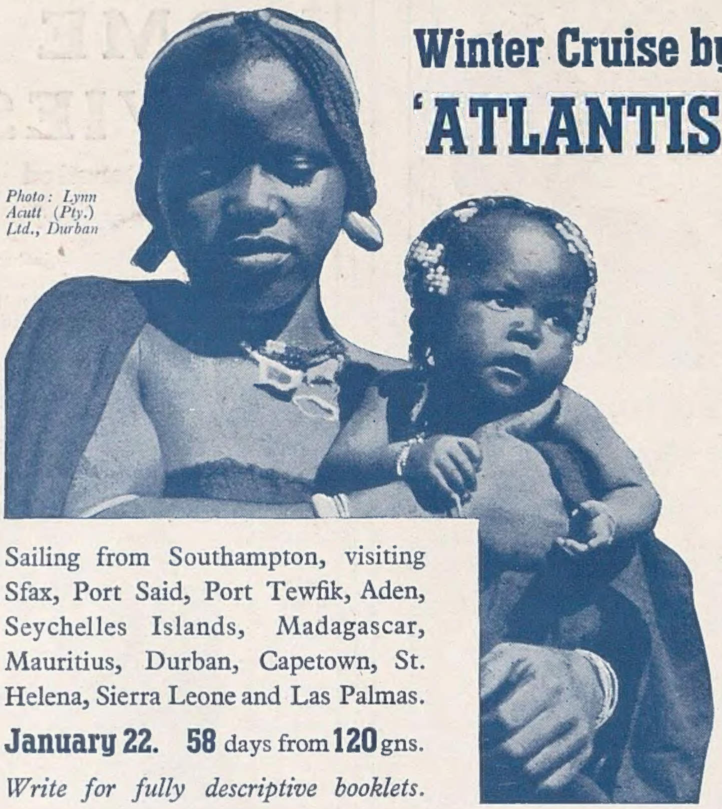

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